HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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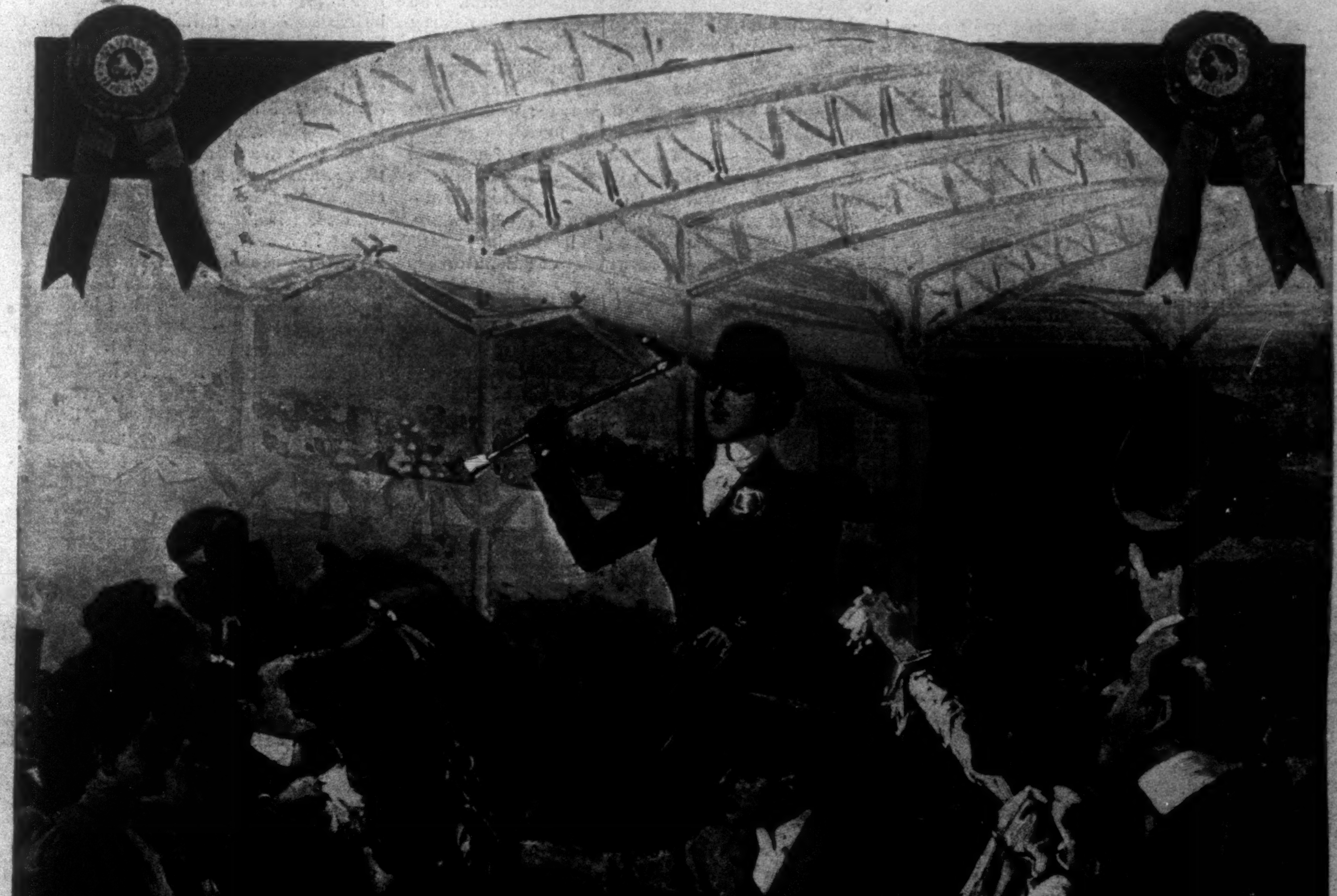

CAPTURED THE BLUE RIBBON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 1158.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897

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PHILADELPHIA seems likely to give up its control of the gas business. The Mayor and Councils have leased the city's works to a private company. That the experiment of municipal ownership has not been wholly successful was shown by Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff's article on the subject published in the Weekly of October 16 last. And yet, too, it must be admitted that the experiment has hardly had a fair trial in Philadelphia.

The English press was much interested in the municipal election in New York, and discussed it with some intelligence. In its issue of October 30, the *Spectator* said, with truth, that the contest was "part of the great war of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of the powers of the light and the dark, and it is a very vital part." Ahriman has won; but as we get further away from the immediate disappointment we see that Ormuzd never led so large a host to battle for the light in a democratic municipality.

Mr. McKinley is reported to expect the annexation of Hawaii. We fear that his expectation is likely to be realized, and we deeply regret that it is so. The day when annexation shall be accomplished will be an evil one for this country, and the troubles that will come to us in consequence will be gratifying to Jingoes, unsound-money men, spendthrift statesmen, high protectionists, and lynchers—to all who dread the consequences of intelligent and needed legislation, of sound instruction of public opinion on domestic affairs, and of good government.

The war in the highlands on the northwest border of India goes on. Sir William Lockhart is punishing the hostile tribesmen, but at great cost, and the British government is preparing for the building of roads through the mountains, which, as the *Speaker* says, will be of great use to Russia if ever the Czar wants to push his advance into India. One fact revealed by the despatches has a most important bearing on England's military efficiency. The transport system seems to be just as inefficient as it was in Lord Roberts's day, and this weakness leads one to suspect that the British army is not up to the standard of Continental Europe.

A good deal of intemperate criticism of football is indulged in by people who know little of the game. The Georgia Legislature is passing a bill prohibiting it, and hasty persons elsewhere are urging its general suppression. Now football is by far the best of athletic games, and while there are many deplorable evils in its present practice, and while too many casualties occur by reason of these evils, it ought not to be suppressed, although there is no doubt that it ought to be reformed. If, however, some of the critics of the game had acquired the power to restrain their tempers and to keep their heads, which is gained on the football-field, they would not now be indulging in intemperate intellectual slugging on a subject which they little understand.

There is an interesting conference at Washington between this country and Great Britain, at which Canada is represented. The United States, Russia, and Japan have agreed together, and the agreement has been signed with becoming formality, that pelagic sealing should cease for a time, so that now all interests are arrayed against the Canadian pelagic sealers. Upon this the conference between Great Britain and the United States, thus strengthened by the support of the other two powers, is called on, and the Dominion, with a delegation headed by the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself—an unusual event—makes its appearance at Washington. It is a recognized fact, of course, that Great Britain will do nothing against Canada's interests, or pretended interests, but this is the first time that a British ambassador has been so clearly and definitely the attorney of the client who is sitting at his elbow. It is all a demonstration of Canada's absolute independence, as well as of her diplomatic irresponsibility. Canada is thought to want more than the protection of pelagic sealers—perhaps a general reciprocity arrangement.

Senator Hanna is not yet defeated, but he is not yet elected. He was the issue in choosing members of the Ohio Legislature, and the aggregate Republican majorities on the legislative ticket amounted to 3000, while Governor Bushnell received a majority of 28,000. This shows that Hanna is not so popular with Ohio Republicans as Foraker and Bushnell, and it is said that these two, or Foraker at least, will try to prevent the return of the President's friend to the Senate. That this is true of Foraker is indicated by his assertion that it is not, but that it may be if "certain persons" keep on talking about him. The truth is that Republican politicians in Ohio carry a large arsenal of knives for one another, and that they are as offensive a lot of spoil-seekers as recent political conditions have produced. Mr. Hanna ought not to be a Senator, it is true; and, on the whole, his defeat would be good for the country. He is a presumptuous upstart, a boss of unusual vulgarity, and he has an overweening confidence in the power of money in elections. But his defeat by Foraker will not be an unmixed blessing, for certainly Foraker is incapable of enjoying the friendship of any one more worthy of a Senatorship than he is himself.

Is Platt's day drawing to a close? Who can tell? Some Republicans, notably Jacob Worth, are organizing a movement hostile to him, and Worth says that a citizens' movement of Republicans is to be organized in every town in the State. It even appears that an attempt is to be made to defeat Platt's candidate, O'Grady, for the Speakership of the Assembly, and to elect Platt's enemy, Mr. Laimbeer, instead. We hope all this will turn out well, but we doubt the constancy of Republican hostility to Platt. We have had evidence of its instability before. Secretary Bliss once turned his back on Platt, and signed a paper declaring, in effect, that Platt's power was based on fraud, and that no self-respecting man could act with him. But Mr. Bliss came round, and supported Platt in his effort to help Croker elect Van Wyck. Every effort to put down Platt, to break up his partnership with Croker, and his pernicious power over the State and city, to find out what he does with his "campaign funds," to make it impossible for him to send his collectors to corporations, to put an end to the Mephistophelian assistance that he gives to "young men on the threshold of politics," will have our cordial good wishes, but we must be excused, in view of the past—of the very, very near past—if we doubt the sincerity of Republican professions of hostility to Platt.

The question of most immediate importance to this country is that of the relations between Spain and the United States. The developments of last week and the week before are not convincing, but they raise grave doubts as to the future. There is doubtless an excellent prospect of war, and it seems, on the whole, that the question rests with Spain, for there is hardly a doubt that during the coming winter the United States government will do something in the way of intervention which Spain will either resent or to which she must yield. By far the most enlightening contribution to the discussion of the situation that we have had is the article by our late minister to Spain, Mr. Hannis Taylor, which appeared in the November number of the *North American Review*. Mr. Taylor has been criticised for revealing secrets which he learned in his official capacity, but there is no ground for such a charge. A careful reading of his article will convince any fair mind that Mr. Taylor has only stated what any intelligent man could learn by a residence at Madrid, a knowledge of Spanish history, and an acquaintance with Spanish public men. Whether, as ex-minister, he should have published anything is another question; but on this point it is to be observed that there is more criticism of Mr. Taylor on this side of the water than there appears to be in Spain. Mr. Taylor says that the Spanish government cannot conquer Cuba, and cannot give a satisfactory form of autonomy to the island simply because the Spaniards do not know what popular government is, and will never consent to such home-rule as the Cubans and this country would consider satisfactory. Mr. Taylor thinks that the United States ought to intervene.

In the mean time the new Captain-General, Blanco, has not issued a proclamation declaring autonomy, nor has he yet any authority to do so. Indeed, the Spanish cabinet seems not to have reached a definite conclusion on the subject. Fresh news has been received of intense suffering among the Cubans who are concentrated in small villages. The horrors of famine and disease, as they have been told by a special correspondent of the *World*, are heart-breaking. The stories of suffering verify all that Mr. Stephen Bonsal wrote in the Weekly when he first revealed, last spring, to the people of this country, the terrible results of Weyler's cruel order. The problem before the United States seems to be undergoing solution through events. Whatever may be the exact language of General Woodford's note to the Duke of Tetuan, the United States have asked for an ending of the war; and whatever may be the form of Spain's reply, autonomy has been promised. The time is passing, and the promise is not kept. It is more than doubtful if it will ever be satisfactorily fulfilled. And in the event of the anticipated failure, what is this country to do? It has apparently extracted a promise, and while it must give Spain an opportunity to try the effect of the fulfilment of the promise, it cannot be trifled with, and the war in Cuba, and the outrages that are ruining our commerce, threatening this country with the infection of contagious disease, and destroying the island, must be brought to an end. The effort to bring about the end may result in war, but Mr. Taylor thinks not, and the recent failure of Spain to obtain credit for gunboats in London indicates that she has nearly, if not quite, reached the end of her resources. Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee has returned to his post, confident that there will be no war, and Sagasta has sent a friendly message to the United States. Messages, however, avail nothing. The war in Cuba must be brought to a close, and the island, our close neighbor, must cease to be a bankrupt breeder of dangerous pestilence.

THE END OF GORMAN.

THE news from Maryland that Gorman had been defeated came like a refreshing breeze. Of all the bosses, he has exercised the most baleful influence upon national affairs. It is true that the announcement is made that he will not retire, but will next year seek a nomination for the House of Representatives; but even if he succeed in accomplishing that design, his power—a power invariably exercised for evil—is broken. Sooner or later the boss goes down, and Gorman has met his fate. His State has repudiated him.

He is the offspring of machine politics, and he owes the high place to which he has attained to the cupidity and subserviency of men weaker than himself and to the timidity or complaisance of his equals and superiors. He represents a political condition which is likely to prevail at times in every democracy, and which is best described perhaps as a lack of intelligent opposition. In the early days of the republic we had the "era of good feeling," an era in which office-holding was the central interest of American political life, and when all ambitious politicians sought public favor by the same methods, the same or similar declarations of opinion. Since the war this condition has been more marked than it was in the time of President Monroe. In the earlier period the American people were satisfied with themselves and their achievements, and politicians had no choice but to join in the general profession of belief that the slave-holding republic, which had not yet assumed any rank in the world, and which was fatuously refusing to consider seriously its most difficult problem, was the "best government on the face of the earth." In the later period the Democratic politicians found themselves with abundant reasons for opposition, with political and economic principles which were, and are, hostile to those held and practised by the Republican party, but which demanded for their maintenance an enlightened courage that involved the surrender of power, and of the prospect of power, for years to come. There was then in the party a group of leaders who, by reason of their fidelity to what they considered right, were worthy to rank among the best men that the country has produced. They were very small in number and very large in conviction. They fought the Republican party's scheme of reconstruction with their law-books, and were beaten. They contended against force bills and civil rights bills, and in the end they were held to be right. These questions growing out of the war, however, did not strengthen the Democratic party. The great body of the Northern people were against them. Some of the best men then in public life had been "Southern sympathizers," and some of the "Southern sympathizers," especially in the border States, were among the worst men in politics, among the most brutal products of the brutal slave-hunting time. Gorman was among them. Moreover, the Northern people held the Democratic party responsible for the war, and Democratic opposition to the reconstruction measures intensified this feeling of suspicion and dislike, while, notwithstanding the considerable character and talent of many Democratic leaders, there was no statesman in the party capable of taking advantage of the many opportunities opened to the opposition by the intemperance of the most radical Republicans. It was necessary that this intemperance, born probably of the pride of conquest, should manifest itself in open, flagrant corruption before the Democratic opposition was strengthened by it, and then the strength came from the secession of the Independent Republicans.

The questions of the war being settled, the Democratic party had its great opportunity. Its best men saw it, and, with the knowledge that the struggle would be long and the rewards of their lifetime small or none at all, entered upon the contest against socialism as it soon began to find expression in the tariff policy of the Republican party. In the early days of the war against wealth accumulated through legislation the attitude of Democratic leaders was admirable, and if it had been maintained and followed by a courageous steadfastness on the part of the whole organization, the Democratic party would have doubtless elected a President before the time when Mr. Cleveland was chosen, and to-day it would form a strong and wholesome opposition to the Republican party—the kind of opposition that is so desirable under a democratic form of government, at least so long as party rule prevails, that it may be said to be essential to the health of the body politic. But cowardice and corruption prevailed over courage and principle. One by one the strong men were sent into retirement, and facile and unprincipled seekers for spoils took their places. Some of the best of the Democratic leaders, like Thurman, made mistakes; but notwithstanding their slips, what a race of giants appear—men like Thurman, Carlisle, Morrison, Ben Hill, Bayard, Wilson, Breckenridge, Cleveland, and Tilden, when—compared with Gorman, Brice, Murphy, Tillman, Bailey, and the rest of the swarm now buzzing at the head of the men of motley!

Gorman came creeping to the top in response to the selfish demands of the working politicians for place. He was a worthy leader of a gang of plunderers. He began life as a politician of the meanest sort. The Baltimore statesman who introduced the brad-awl into politics as the most potent and effective enemy of intelligence found many Gormans ready to his hand. Gorman has risen to power by brad-awl politics. It is true that the day for the instrument of torture which was used to drive decent citizens from the polls is gone; but to those who used it have succeeded men fertile in more cunning devices, who produced at last the modern machine, which, as Gorman himself inadvertently confessed in his letter to the editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, believes in nothing but office. It was easy for such a man to reach the Senate from Maryland, but his fall at last was inevitable, and is, we hope and believe, final, for although bosses may rise and prosper for a time, their disgrace is certain in the end. Either they are crushed in the machine which they have controlled or the machine itself is smashed, as it has been in Maryland, by an outraged people.

While Gorman was at the height of his power his evil influence extended over the whole party. He became the leader of the national organization, and from first to last he was opposed to everything and everybody wholesome and desirable. He was willing to abandon any party profession or to break any party promise that seemed to him to stand in the way of his success. He conducted the party's campaign in 1884, and broke with Mr. Cleveland in his first term, after doing his best to injure his administration. He was treacherous to Mr. Cleveland in 1888, and after 1892 he did his utmost to prevent the accomplishment of the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act, and he was the leader in the Senate who did most to defeat the Wilson bill and to carry out the commands, or wishes, of the Sugar Trust. Of all the Democratic leaders he has done most to cover his party with the shame and contempt that it has won and is wearing, to cause the evolution which has led the old organization to outbid the Republican party for socialistic support, and to bring about the revolt which has made Bryan the successor of Cleveland.

Instead of winning the prize of the Presidential nomination, for which he abased himself, he is now one of the wrecks with which the people of this country have marked the pathway of men who try to rise to power by deceiving and corrupting them. Outside of the henchmen who have profited by Gorman's bounty no one will regret that the end of his public life is come.

SOME THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

The results of the recent elections have given the "practical politicians" of the Republican party a remarkable abundance of food for reflection. The enormous majorities for Mr. McKinley rolled up in the East and North last year had put them in an over-confident mood. Not a few of them were so much carried away by their triumph that they actually saw in those majorities a permanent accession to the Republican party strength. The prediction that this Republican vote could in one short year be reduced to the average it had shown before the McKinley election, or even below it, would have been laughed to scorn by them. They are now beginning to perceive that the majorities of last year were extremely uncertain quantities; that they were brought about by the combination of different elements which united temporarily for the sole purpose of averting a great public danger; that the temporary allies of the Republican party reserved to themselves their judgment as to what course they would follow in the future, and that their judgment has largely been determined by the use the Republican party has made of its power. Republicans may also now be disposed to admit that to hold the combination together it was, above all things, necessary that the Republican party should give its attention first to the object for the attainment of which the combination had been formed, instead of using its power and opportunities exclusively for the gratification of its own partisan desires, and that, as the Republican rush for extreme protection and for the offices was particularly distasteful to the allies, the alliance was dissolved as a matter of course, and an anti-Republican current in the elections was bound to follow. As a general rule, an alliance like that of last year will necessarily go to pieces as soon as it appears that its principal beneficiary seeks to monopolize all the advantages of it, with disregard of the terms, expressed or fairly implied, upon which it was based. It will always be so.

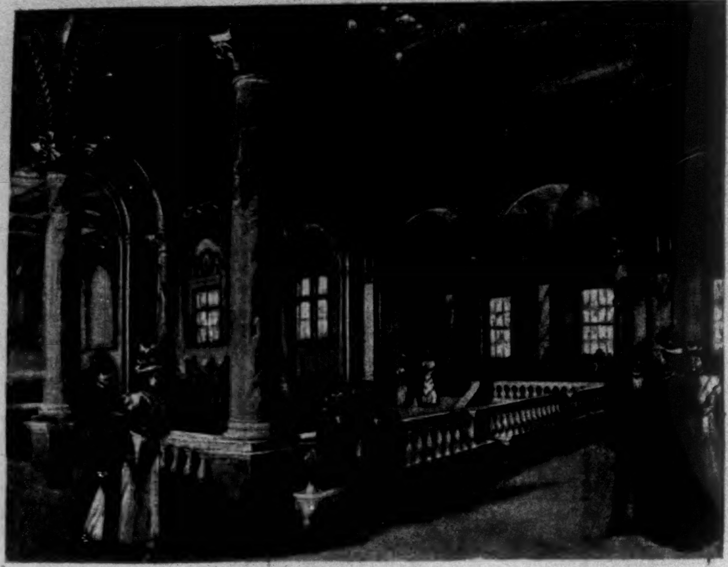
The Republicans plead in vain that, owing to the adverse majority of the Senate of the United States, they could not have carried through any sound-money legislation if they had tried. The conspicuous fact is that they did not try, and that the manner in which they declined to try leaves ample room for the suspicion that they did not mean to try, but had only the tariff in view. Neither does the plea avail that had they tried to put forward sound-money legislation and failed, the effect of the failure would have been bad as to business confidence; for the confession that success was impossible produced an effect equally bad, if not worse. Had they tried with spirit and energy, and failed, the country and the financial world abroad would at least have had the assurance that there was a powerful political party honestly determined to put our monetary system upon a sound basis, and the combination of forces which was victorious last year might have been preserved in a common effort, with a prospect of future success. At any rate, whether the excuses offered be good or bad, when the Republicans in power coolly put the money question aside, and when they exhausted all their efforts to give the country a protective tariff higher than ever, and when they indulged in such pranks as the annexation of Hawaii, and when the clamor for spoils resounded all over the country with unprecedented fierceness, and when the insolence of the bosses exceeded all bounds, it is no wonder that the bulk of the allies of last year should have declined co-operation on the field of State or municipal politics. These allies have certainly not lost their interest in the cause for which last year they fought side by side with the Republicans. For that cause they would, no doubt, be ready to fight again. But they would not permit themselves to be used for other purposes of which they disapprove. In this respect, it is a significant fact that the anti-Republican current has been strongest in those States in which the sound-money cause is least in danger.

The wise men among the Republican leaders can hardly fail to appreciate this feature of the situation. They can no longer nourish the delusion, if they ever entertained it, that the Dingley tariff alone will under present circumstances bring on that general and lasting prosperity which is to tide us over all difficulties. They must have observed that the beginning of a business revival we have witnessed has been partly overclouded again by the chronic distrust as to what the future may bring with regard to the money question, and that the cloud of uncertainty has been still more darkened by the prospect opened by the recent elections. They cannot escape the conclusion that the confidence necessary to the growth of real and lasting prosperity will not come to stay until the business world believes that our monetary system is settled, or at least is in assured progress of settlement, on a sound basis. They must see that only by doing now as much as is still possible of that which should have been done last summer—that is, by advancing the money question courageously to the foreground, and by repressing the spoils hunger and the Jingo tendencies in their party—they can recover some of the strength they have lost. It is not surprising that the Republicans should think with some anxiety of the Congressional elections which are to take place next year. They have reason for uneasiness. The money question will no doubt play a great, and probably the most important, part in those elections. The Republican leaders should consider in time how their party will stand in that campaign, and what its chances of attracting its former allies will be, if it has to confess that it has not even tried to serve the purpose which the forces combined last year had in common, and that it has no positive programme to offer. The party will then have to run substantially upon the strength of the same record which cost it so many votes this year, and the prospect will be, to say the least, by no means cheerful.

The responsibility of the Republican party in this matter would be less grave if the alternative were between it and an opposition party of a conservative character. But everybody knows that at present the alternative is really between it and an opposition party given to all sorts of confused economic notions and subversive tendencies. The free-silver craze may have become weakened in some parts of the country, under the influence of last year's educational campaign and this year's high prices of agricultural products, although in most of the States which were carried by Bryan it seems to be as rampant as ever. But be that as it may, the Democratic party, as it now is, gives us every reason to fear that a Democratic House of Representatives would not only preclude all hope of sound-money legislation during President McKinley's term, but also bring forth new agitations and uncertainties, throwing still further obstacles in the way of a revival of confidence. The Republicans are perhaps counting upon the willingness of those who helped them in last year's fight against Bryanism to do the same thing if a similar crisis should arise. Even assuming them to be right in such an expectation, it would still be an extremely reckless game on their part, while relying upon the generous patriotism of others, to discourage and repel that aid as much as possible by the exclusive pursuit of a narrow partisan policy. And even if that aid might be counted upon to come forth again in the extreme emergency of a Presidential election, it will be far less, if at all, likely to be offered in the election of members of Congress, unless the Republicans in the present Congress give a proof of their good faith and courage as to the attainment of the common object.

Take, as an example, the State of New York, whose delegation may determine the complexion of the next House of Representatives. The McKinley majority of more than a quarter of a million was wiped out, and a Democratic majority of about seventy thousand substituted, partly by a large number of Democrats who had voted for McKinley now going back to their party, partly by a large part of the independent vote, which in this State is very strong, supporting this time the Democratic candidate, as well as by many dissatisfied Republicans staying away from the polls. This, of course, does not mean that those voters in passing from one side to the other have changed their minds on the money question. But it does mean a vote of want of confidence in the Republican party as that party appears in the light of its conduct since it came into power again. That want of confidence will, of course, not be turned into the opposite sentiment if the Republicans now in Congress simply continue in the course they have followed so far. Neither can it be done by attempts to capture more spoils for Republican workers, or by an unreasonable immigration restriction law, or by the annexation of Hawaii, or similar Jingo fireworks. It can be done, in a great measure at least, only by a resolute effort, whatever obstacles may stand in the way, to solve the great problem which formed the decisive issue of last year's election, and by such a policy in other respects as will commend itself to the good sense, the conservative sentiment, and the enlightened patriotism of the American people.

Carl Schurz.



NEW BUILDING FOR THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.
Interior, showing Grand Staircase Hall, with large Ball-Room beyond.

HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

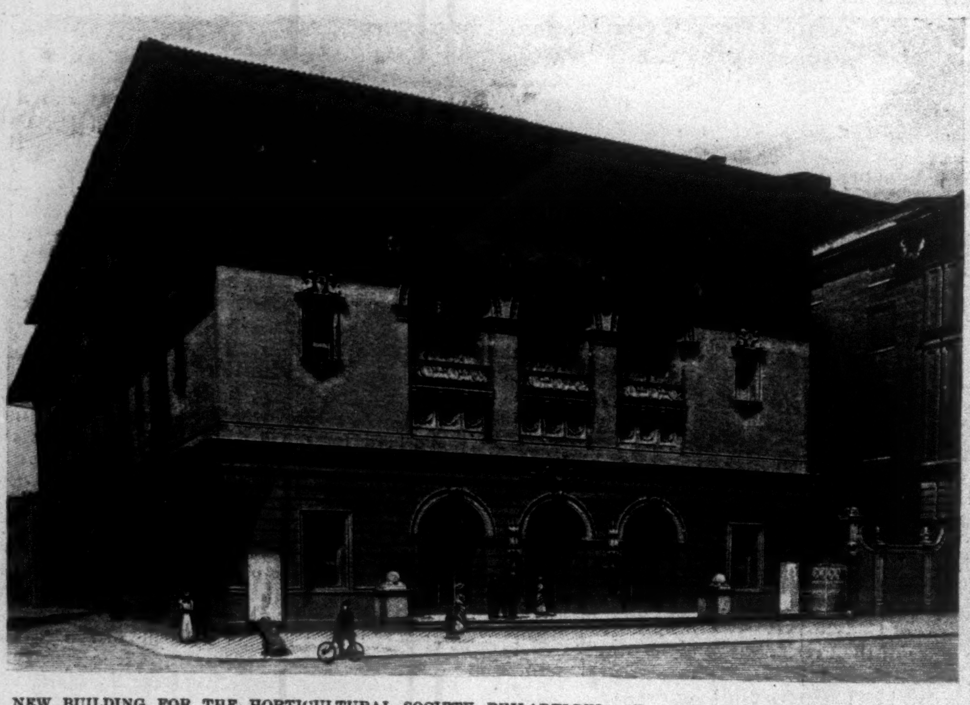
THE new building of the Horticultural Society of Philadelphia, recently completed, aside from its significance as a structure dedicated to the purposes of a unique organization and its artistic worth, offers the first example of exterior mural decoration attempted in the United States, and these pictures will probably decide whether or not the rigors of our climate will permit of further development in this direction.

The structure, which is the most notable work of the architects Frank Miles Day & Brother, occupies the site of two other halls of the society, destroyed by fire in 1881 and 1893 respectively. The building fronts on Broad Street, the city's most beautiful thoroughfare, and is a fine example of Italian Renaissance architecture, with excellent contrast of arched entrances and windows with simple expanses of wall of golden-yellow Pompeian brick, the whole surmounted by a roof of Spanish tiles. Vitality and richness are imparted to the façade by a series of ornate bronze gates, windows of emerald glass, and touches of brilliant gold, pink, and green upon medallions, balcony grills, and deep overhanging eaves. At the top of the exterior walls on the three principal fronts of the building is the series of symbolic paintings which forms the most prominent artistic feature of the structure. They are the work of Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, of Boston, who decorated the Venetian alcove and stairway in the Boston Public Library. The cartoons are placed upon a plaster border six feet wide, directly beneath and protected by the overhanging eaves. The pictures represent the evolution of the vegetable kingdom through the four seasons. The principal groups depict twelve women, typifying the months of the year, each holding in her lap the appropriate sign of the zodiac, and accompanied by the patron deity of the season, and arrangements of foliage, fruits, and flowers. The color scheme, beginning with the white and gray of winter, leads through the more delicate tones of early and late spring to the luxuriousness of summer colors, the browns, golds and reds of autumn, and the pale tints of returning winter.

Beginning on the south side of the structure, the figures of the first two months are accompanied by Janus, who received the prayers of husbandmen at the beginning of seed-time. Next Triptolemus, in his winged chariot drawn by serpents, rides through an awakening landscape, scattering his barley seed on either hand. March appears in wind-tossed draperies. April, robed in the tender hues of early spring, carries an inverted vase to symbolize the descent of rain upon the earth. Between them sits Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, personifying the process of vegetation. May is decked in vivid green, against a background of blossoms. June sits wreathed in roses and the bloom of early summer, with garlands strewn about. Flora, the deity of horticulture, and Amor, with drawn bow, form the remainder of the group. In the center of the front façade Phœbus Apollo sits enthroned in a glory of golden sunbeams, a lyre in his hands. July and August, arrayed in the gorgeous hues of midsummer, and surrounded by fruits and flowers, have Ceres as protectress. The goddess is robed in crimson and gold, and holds a sheaf of wheat. September and October, with Pomona, goddess of fruits, enthroned between them, are surrounded with the rich browns, reds, and yellows of the autumn, with a bearing fruit tree in the background, and garlands of corn and grapes. The next panel depicts Bacchus, holding the thyrsus, with a wreath of ivy on his head. In the background is the sea, with a marble screen and vines and grapes. The adjacent sky shines with Ariadne's crown of seven stars; a satyr dances in the foreground. November, looking back toward her sister months, and December, lingering in desolation with bowed head, and Boreas blowing winter blasts, complete the series.

In the execution of his design Mr. Smith was confronted with the presence of a number of small windows breaking the continuity of the frieze. Between these apertures he painted a number of small panels depicting boys with agricultural tools, and conventional wreaths, and groupings of fruits, flowers, nuts, evergreens, and holly. A great scroll also appears in the centre of the main façade, bearing the words "Horticulture," "Arboriculture," "Sylviculture," "Viticulture," and "Floriculture." The interior of the building, through the skill of the architects, and the Tiffany Company, decorators, fulfils the highest mission of architecture in expressing by design and pigment the objects and purposes of the organization installed there. The Horticultural Society of Philadelphia, the first of its kind established in America, is an organization of wealthy and prominent citizens associated together to advance the gentle art of horticulture through meetings, publications, and exhibitions. Their hall breathes the atmosphere of blossoms, orchards, and woodlands. The grand staircase of pink and white marble rises from the vestibule into a bower of green marble columns, and green and gold galleries surmounted by a bronze-gold dome topped with opalescent glass. The main hall, or ball-room, with vaulted ceiling, and seating an audience of twelve hundred people, repeats this color scheme in combination with rose-pink walls, and sculpture in old-ivory tones. The tympanums above the windows contain boys holding shields bearing native flowers. The lunettes between the arches surrounding the apartment are wreathed in vines, and bear medallions showing the signs of the zodiac, the symbols of the seasons, fire, water, earth, and air. The mouldings of the apartment embody fruits and flowers; the ceiling, sprays of delicate vines in conventional designs. Beyond the grand staircase a smaller hall, decorated in rich Pompeian red, green, and gold, serves as a supper-room during the frequent balls in the building. The entire main floor can be thrown open from end to end, giving the whole the appearance of an idealized sylvan vista. Above the small hall are kitchens and serving-rooms capable of providing for five hundred diners or the largest social entertainments. The lower floors contain cloak-rooms, a small lecture-room, library, offices, and the quarters of the Florists' Club, composed of certain members of the Horticultural Society.

ASA M. STEELE.



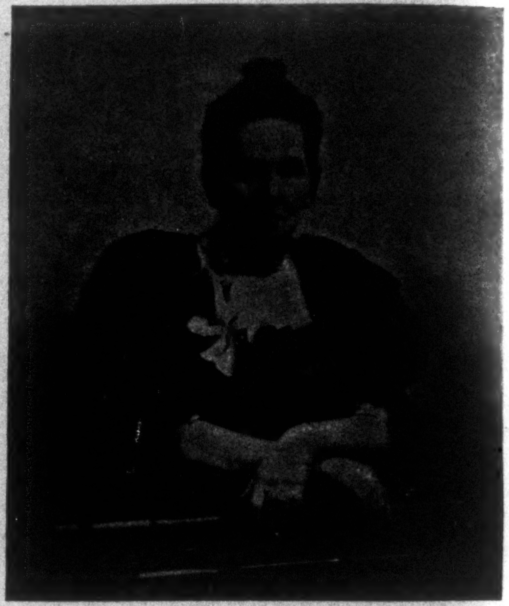
NEW BUILDING FOR THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.—FRANK MILES DAY & BROTHER, ARCHITECTS.
Broad Street Front, showing Exterior Decorations by Joseph Linden Smith.

MARCHESI AND MUSIC.*

WERE these reminiscences of one of the day's most successful teachers of song merely a retrospect of a professional complexion they would deserve print, and would call for a wide reading, at least among practical musicians. But they are much more than that. Madame Marchesi has written a volume in which a vocal instructor is not openly the story-teller. Instead, there is a sympathetic and cultivated lady, whose career has brought her into acquaintance with all of the European musical world, with much of its dramatic, literary, aristocratic, even scientific and other society, during more than fifty years of extremely busy life. Madame Marchesi began the world under happier circumstances than simply those of wealth. She had a judicious and affectionate mother. Music early became her passion. Later, when fortune forsook her family, it became a bread-winner. She enjoyed a short stage-career of considerable brilliancy—one that was limited to concert-work, because a pledge to her conservative parents kept her from operatic engagements. Then she threw herself into her real profession. She attacked it with the endorsements, system, and confidence which have given her a special clientage and renown. The musical life and musicians, great and small, that she has known in intimacy would cover all the necrology and directory of European music since, let us say (as a merely rough date), the time of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Manuel Garcia (her teacher), and Chorley's critical activity, onward to the days when lifelong friends—such as Verdi at eighty-four—are still about her. Her wide artistic life is in touch with all the French, Italian, and German artist profession and composerdom. Aside from music, only a few of the men and women who have been her friends include Bettina von Arnim's family, Lenau, Fanny Lewald, the von Bunsens household, the Rothschilds and the Metternichs, Auerbach and Heyse, Baron Haussmann, Victor Wilder, and naturally her own aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, the special friend of Beethoven. In 1861 Madame Marchesi transferred her teaching from Vienna to Paris. With the latter city she has since been identified, as all the world knows. Her pupils have taken foremost places in the musical cities of the two hemispheres. She has been decorated like a cabinet minister. She has lived through stormy episodes of Europe's history—the Austro-Italian war, the Prussian and Austrian contest, the Terrible Year. She has known days of plague, pestilence, and dread as well as gayety and splendor. She is full of anecdote and lively bits of personal chat. Her simple matter-of-fact personality, as well as her artistic type, pervades her pages. She writes, or rather talks, these memoirs kindly and gracefully. They are capital reading, and not too long for a couple of evenings to begin and to end them—a happy brevity in one with so much to recall. There is scarcely a touch of egotism, and not a note of jealous criticism. Only one or two passages find her speaking *ex cathedrâ* of music; and her ideas in the seventeenth chapter are a sheer slice of common-sense in making and keeping the voice; and whatever may be urged against some of Madame Marchesi's pupils as to voice-production, their teacher speaks wisely here.

The book is admirably printed, and its illustrations—chiefly portraits—well selected, including several quaint likenesses of Madame Marchesi, younger or older in her career. A short preface is contributed by Jules Massenet, the well-known Parisian composer, in whose best operas most of her best pupils have created rôles of the first rank.

E. I. S.



MATHILDE MARCHESI.

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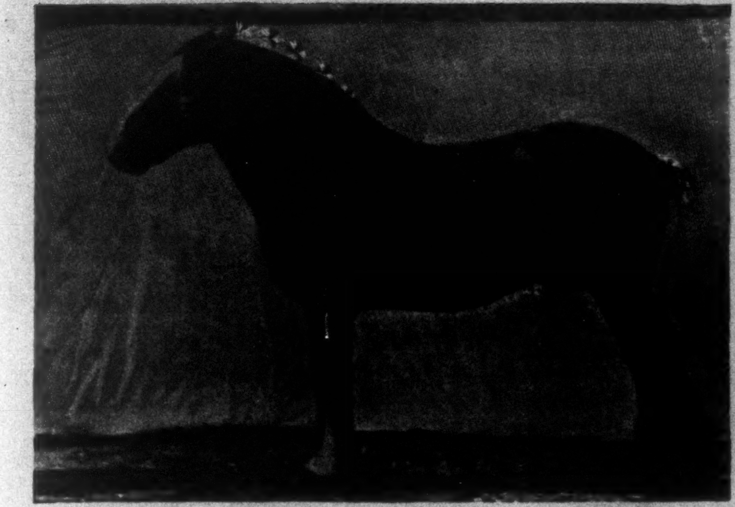
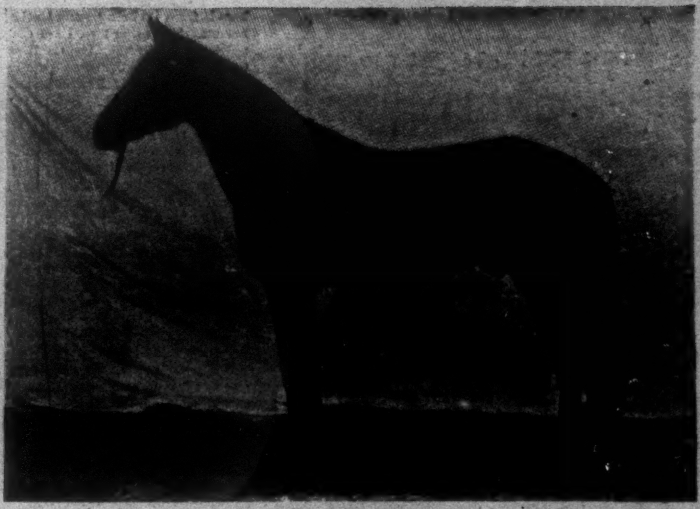
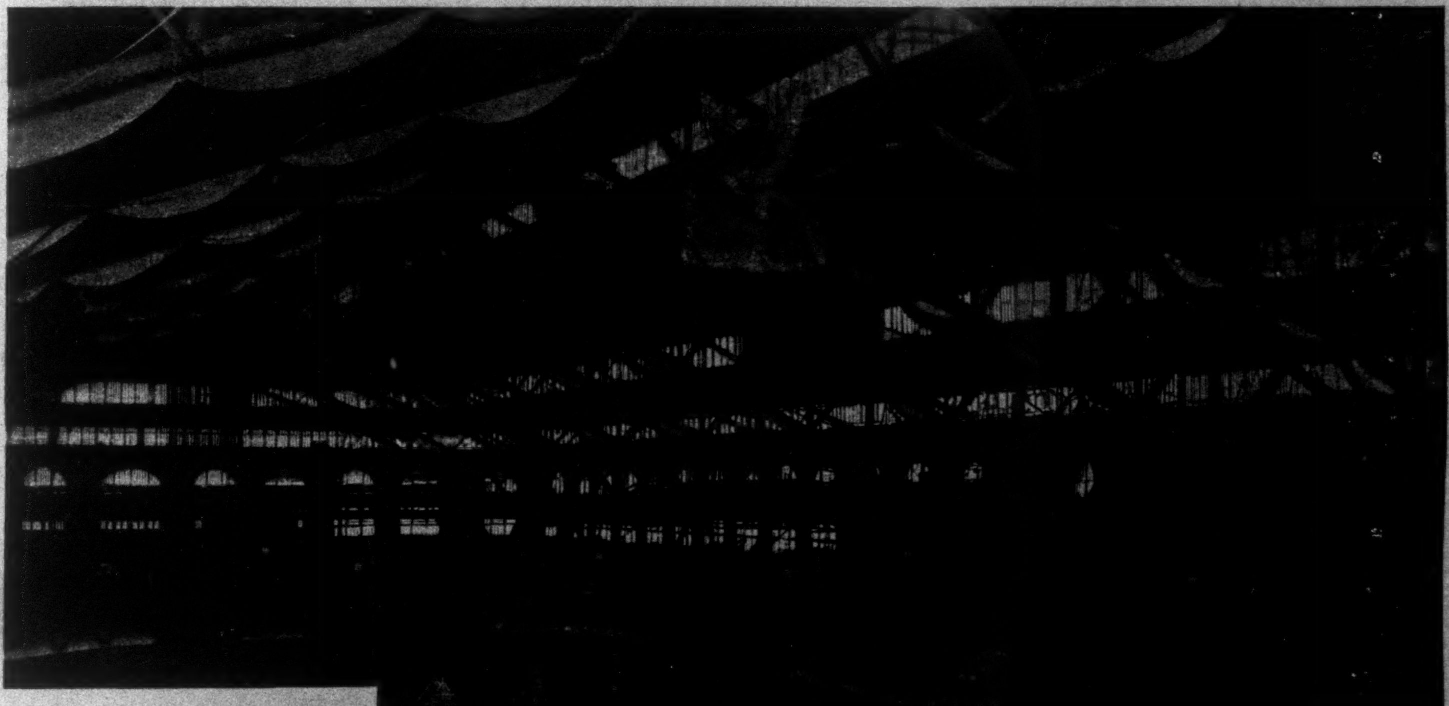
* *Marchesi and Music: Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing-Teacher.* By Mathilde Marchesi. With an Introduction by Massenet. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, publishers, 1897.



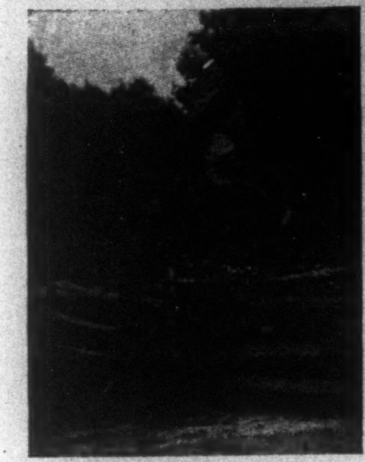
FIRST PRIZE HACKNEY STALLION—ROYAL STANDARD.



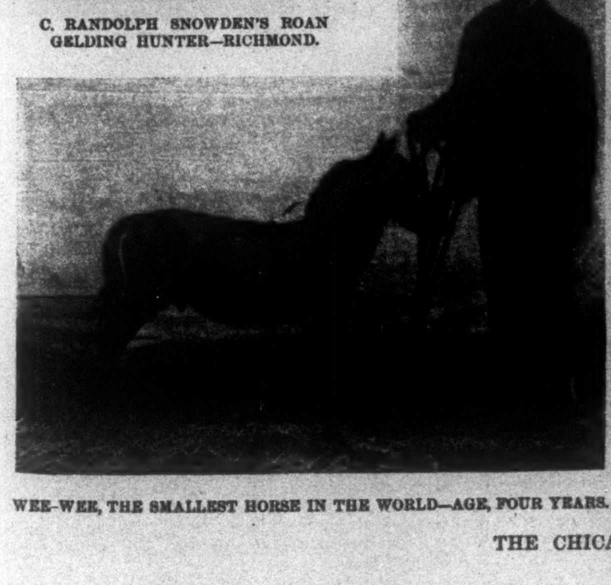
FIRST PRIZE ROADSTER STALLION—HAZEL RIDGE.



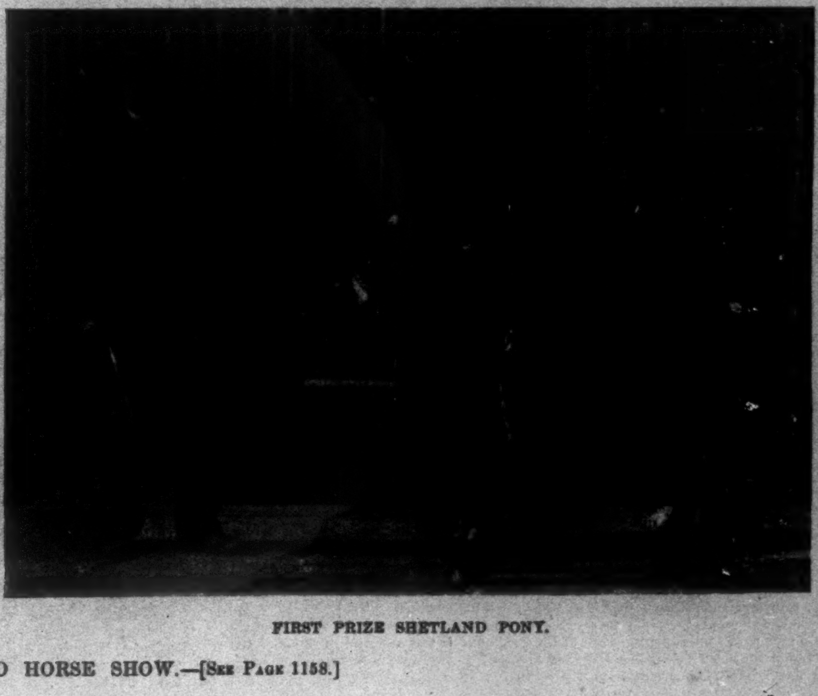
INTERIOR OF THE COLISEUM, SHOWING RING AND DECORATIONS.



C. RANDOLPH SNOWDEN'S ROAN GELDING HUNTER—RICHMOND.



WEE-WEE, THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD—AGE, FOUR YEARS.



FIRST PRIZE SHETLAND PONY.

THE CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.—[See Page 1158.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

A LARGE proportion of the visitors who come to the Horse Show this week will see, incidentally or otherwise, the inside of the Astoria Hotel. It is an impressive sight that suggests many thoughts to the reflecting observer. An American artist who has travelled much and lived long abroad went to its opening exhibition. "Such a thing could not have been done," he said, "anywhere else or at any previous time." The objectionable adjective "up to date" certainly fits the Astoria. Such a building could not have been constructed until the present decade, and doubtless there is no city but New York where any one would dream of putting so much money, so much adornment and magnificence, into a hotel. It may not be an achievement to be especially proud of, but it is certainly one that excites a great deal of intelligent interest. It is a "fad," no doubt, but what a big one, and how remarkable!

If it is good for people to see beautiful things, and to experiment with the sensations that are born of an atmosphere of luxury, the Astoria must be regarded as an influence that is of some importance to American civilization. There are more important buildings in the country, but there is scarcely another which will be studied so incessantly by such a succession of representative Americans. Month after month it will shelter people from every part of the United States, as well as from all other civilized countries. Whatever it contains that is beautiful and in good taste and worth looking at will be constantly employed in educating the artistic sense of the Americans.

It is the most democratic palace on earth, and it is not without its uses as a promoter of democratic feelings. A good many persons are curious about the sensations of luxury. They want to know about the experiences of very rich people—how they live, and what sort of sentiments and emotions it induces to have hired men standing about in profusion ready to prevent one's wants; how it feels to sit on scrumptious chairs, and to be embowered in silken hangings and pictures of price and rugs of quality, and all that. If they cannot absolutely parallel at the Astoria the home life of the egregiously opulent, they can make some approach to it, and the imagination ought to do the rest. Any one may go to that big inn and buy as much luxury as he can conveniently use for an hour, a day, or a year. It is rather expensive, but the buyer gets good measure, and he need not buy any more than is convenient. He gets much comfort, much splendor, and much entertainment, and he satisfies in some degree a curiosity which, if long baffled or suppressed, might become morbid. If the Astoria atmosphere included footmen in white silk stockings and laced coats, it would be a little more effective. In-door men with white calves somehow give one a sense of resting on the clouds which mere trousers do not impart; but still, the Astoria does well.

A good bite of luxury now and then is not unwholesome. It is pleasant, especially for a change; but if the experimenter has any philosophical discernment, he recognizes that a bite is as good as a bellyful, and that the difference between luxury and comfort isn't necessarily in favor of luxury, and if it was, would not to most people be worth the increased cost. Too many springs and too much upholstery fatigue the system. Unless one is tired or effete, it better suits the bones to meet something that has less "give" to it.

No one who has seen Helen Keller will be surprised to learn that she is an exceedingly valuable and interesting object of study to psychologists. Dr. Waldstein, in *The Sub-Conscious Self*, tells an interesting story of how she helped to bring light into one of the dark places of a comparatively new branch of science. It will be remembered that though Helen lost her sight and hearing when she was nineteen months old, she includes among her astonishing accomplishments the appreciation of music, which she perceives through its vibrations by putting her fingers on a singer's throat, or on an instrument, and even through the floor. Her comments on the music she hears leave no doubt as to the clearness of the impressions it makes upon her. This faculty of hers convinced Dr. Waldstein that she had created a centre for musical impressions through the sense of touch, like ours connected with the ear. Then he wondered if it were possible to recall to her, through this sense of touch, impressions that had originally come to her through her ears before she was nineteen months old. If such impressions could be recalled, it would, he thought, not only prove the force of sub-conscious impressions (being infantile), but would suggest the question whether, in such cases, a connection is not established between the centres of hearing and touch and a new mental process created. So, wanting to know, he went on to experiment, as he relates:

> I wrote to Mrs. Keller, who kindly sent me the titles of two plantation songs, which were commonly sung in her home in Alabama when Helen was a baby, but are not now generally sung, and which I could procure only in manuscript from the South. These tunes I had played upon the piano while she stood beside the instrument with her fingers resting upon its wooden frame. Care was taken, of course, that she should know nothing of my intentions, and that she should be taken unawares. The effect was striking. The young woman, now just entering upon her sixteenth year, became greatly excited, laughed and clapped her hands, after the first few bars of "'Way down in the Meadow, a-mowing of the Hay."
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> "Father carrying baby up and down, swinging her on his knee. Black crow! black crow!" she exclaimed, repeatedly, with manifest emotion. Miss Sullivan and several ladies present were greatly astonished at the result. On hearing the second song, "The Ten Foolish Virgins," the same effect was produced. It was evident to all those who were present that the young lady was carried back to her early surroundings, even into the time of life when she was carried about by her father; but we could not find a meaning for the words "black crow." I considered it prudent not to question her, but applied by letter to her mother, who was kind enough to send an early reply. Mrs. Keller said: "What you wrote interested us very much. The 'Black Crow' is her father's standard song, which he sings to all his children as soon as they can sit on his knee. These are the words: 'Gwine 'long down the old turn row, something hollered, Hello, Joe,' etc. It was a sovereign remedy for putting them [the children] in a good humor, and was sung to Helen hundreds of times. It is possible that she remembers it from its being sung to the two younger children as well as to herself. The other two, I am convinced, she had no association with, unless she can remember them as she heard them before her illness. Certainly, before her illness, her father used to trot her on his knee and sing the 'Ten Virgins,' and she would get down and shout as the negroes do in church. It was very amusing. But after she lost her sight and hearing it was a very painful association, and was not sung to these two little ones" (the younger children).
>
> It was quite clear that the child, after she was nineteen months old, might have received an impression of the "Old Crow" song when it was sung to the younger children through the peculiar vibrations communicated to the floor of the room; but the other two songs could only be perceived through the ear when she was a baby younger than eighteen months and could hear, and are therefore a part of her earliest memory. We are therefore justified in assuming that the vibrations of the piano from the two plantation songs, communicated to her by touch over fourteen years later, have travelled to the centre where her early aural impressions are stored up, and that they in their turn reawakened the memory of the "Old Crow" song, which she had heard before her illness, and possibly also felt by vibrations afterward when it was sung to the younger children.
>
> It appears to me that this striking instance proves beyond a doubt, and as nothing else could more, the persistence of early impressions, as well as the intimate connection that the centres of two different senses, though physiologically related in many ways, may assume in certain cases. The mental quality of sound thus conveyed by vibration alone must, it is evident, be of a peculiar nature, different from such sensations of the normal person, for it is composed of elements of the immediate skin impressions, associated with those of the earlier ones deposited in the normal sound memory.

The annual report of Treasurer Farnum of Yale, made to the Yale corporation on November 9, covers "the most prosperous year in the history of the university as regards additions to its funds." These additions amounted to $445,055, the largest sums received being $102,700 from the Fayerweather estate, $199,054 from the estate of P. C. Sloane, and $50,000 from the estate of George Bliss. The funds of the university now amount to $1,567,495.

Discussion of the fact that this year's Freshman class at Yale is smaller by about fifty men than the last has prompted the publication of a table giving the size of Freshmen classes at Yale for the last fifty years. The ups and downs at Yale in this respect are very interesting and peculiar, small classes following large classes, and *vice versa*, repeatedly, without any apparent reason. The record shows many cases of disparity in number between Freshman classes in successive years that are quite as notable as that between this year and last year.

The list of holders of Harvard scholarships for the present year is out. It is published in three groups—the first including holders of the John Harvard scholarships (which are highly honorable, but bring no income) and of the most distinguished holders of other scholarships; the second including holders of other scholarships that are open to free competition; the third, holders of scholarships granted on special claims. The publication of these lists is an innovation of very recent date, the old practice being to award them privately to meritorious students who needed them.

A Cambridge (Massachusetts) item dated November 2 said that within a few days resolutions had been adopted unanimously by nearly every social, literary, and debating society in Harvard University favoring a university club. Mr. William R. Thayer, the editor of the *Harvard Graduates Magazine*, is the foremost advocate and promoter of the proposed club, and is secretary of a committee appointed two years ago to look after its interest. He urges the Harvard undergraduates to do missionary work for the project among their Harvard acquaintances when they go home at Christmas-time.

If the majority of the 3000 men connected with Harvard want a university club, it ought to be practicable for them to start one, and if a club once started on a simple scale was found to be useful, it would probably be possible to obtain the money needed to establish it on a firm fiscal basis. The policy of helping those who help themselves in such matters is attractive, and seems reasonable, though perhaps in what concerns undergraduates it is a little less reasonable than it seems. The capacity of modern college undergraduates to develop urgent need of anything that college graduates can be induced to pay for is matter of occasional humorous comment. Nevertheless, the university-club idea has a great deal to recommend it.

Secretary Alger says that he has recommended in his annual report that Congress shall give the army two new regiments of artillery to help man some of the new coast defences. This recommendation accords with the resolution lately passed by the New York Chamber of Commerce. The case is so plain that it would seem hardly possible for Congress to neglect it. Any one who is not sure that we ought to have more artillerymen, and would like to go a little deeper into the details of our necessities, is recommended to read General George W. Wingate's article in the November number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*. General Wingate merely points out that modern coast defences and big guns are of no use in an emergency without trained and picked artillerymen to man them. He makes it plain that artillerymen cannot be improvised, that you cannot hit a ship with a big gun unless you are a first-rate gunner, and that no one can be a good gunner without training and practice. The present artillery force of the United States numbers 3890 men. In General Wingate's opinion, the very least increase we can get along with would be 7500 men. How moderate that requisition is appears from the showing of official reports that when the new system of fortifications is completed it will take 29,000 artillerists to provide one relief for the service of the guns they will contain, and in war-time three reliefs are needed.

We shall probably have, after a while, the 7500 indispensable additional artillerymen whom General Wingate calls for, but it is to be hoped that they will be new recruits, and not borrowed from other branches of the service, else will it go hard with the feelings of a correspondent of the WEEKLY who has heard a rumor and writes to protest. The rumor is that the Secretary of War contemplates "skeletonizing two more troops in each cavalry regiment, or twenty in all, in addition to twenty previously skeletonized, or, in plain English, disbanded." Our correspondent strongly disapproves of any more "skeletonizing." A skeleton organization, he says, is as dead as any other unclad bone, and can't be revived. The reduction of cavalry regiments from twelve to eight troops he regards as simply a reduction of their effectiveness by one-third. That he deplores, because "the efficiency of the cavalry is a vital point to an army, and, once destroyed, takes years to recreate." He thinks it, too, an ill return for the thirty years' service of the cavalry regiments against the Indians to sap their strength now; but he hardly believes the rumor, for he cannot believe that General Alger, who himself gained distinction as an officer of cavalry, should favor such a scheme.

Sunday, November 7, was the sixtieth anniversary of the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy, the antislavery pioneer, and the following day the new Lovejoy monument was dedicated at Alton, Illinois. The monument is a shaft surmounted by a colossal figure of Victory, the whole about ninety feet tall. It was erected by the Lovejoy Monument Association, and the State of Illinois appropriated $25,000 towards its cost. The column stands on a pedestal which rests on a circular plaza four feet aboveground. On the sides of the pedestal are a bronze bass-relief of Lovejoy, and several scenes from his life. The monument is said to be handsome. There seems to have been but one sentiment in the State about Lovejoy's title to a monument and the propriety of erecting one. The appropriation was made by a Democratic Legislature, and at the unveiling one of the orators of the day was Lieutenant-Governor Northrop. The other was Thomas Dimock, of St. Louis, Lovejoy's biographer.

Lovejoy's martyrdom was probably more far-reaching in its results than any other single death that the antislavery agitation occasioned. It brought scores of doubters out of their uncertainty into the ranks of the avowed abolitionists. One mind that was made up on hearing of it was that of Wendell Phillips. Lovejoy, as persons familiar with American biography and history will remember, was born, the son of a clergyman, in Maine in 1802, graduated at Waterville College in 1826, and in the following year went West to St. Louis. There he found employment as a teacher, and presently as a newspaper writer. He started the *Observer*, a religious weekly, in 1833, and announced himself the following year as an antislavery champion. He moved his paper from St. Louis to Alton in 1836, in order to get into a free State, but Alton did not welcome him. His office was mobbed almost as soon as he opened it, but he persevered. On August 21, 1837, his press was destroyed by a mob. He ordered a new one, declaring that while he lived he would publish his paper, and say and write what he pleased. On November 7, 1837, he was shot while defending his press. The next day was his thirty-fifth birthday.

Mark Twain at Vienna is out of sight, but by no means out of mind. A newspaper head-line says he was "banqueted" on October 31. "Banqueted" suggests skewers and stuffing, and a lot of expectant savages squatting about a barbecued writer, but Vienna is a civilized place, and nothing of that sort has happened to Mr. Clemens. The Society of Journalists and Authors gave a dinner in his honor, that was all. He made speeches in English and German, and the despatch says that it was a good time. Mr. Charlemagne Tower, the American minister, and Consul-General Hurst were present.

The London *Times* reports that Mr. Clemens was lately present at an all-night session of the Austrian Parliament, which reminded him of the debate anterior to lynching a horse-thief in old times in the American wild West. It was a boisterous session, "the most disorderly," the *Times* says, "ever witnessed in any Parliament." Anti-Semite speeches seem to have made most of the stir.

Mr. Clemens has denied by cable the report that he is clear of debt. He still holds himself responsible, it seems, for about $50,000 owed by the late publishing-house of C. L. Webster & Co., but hopes that that sum will be very materially reduced out of the proceeds of his new book, *Following the Equator*.

The importance of an event is not always in direct proportion to its visible size at the time of its occurrence. The spectacle of the sale at auction of the Union Pacific Railroad, on November 1, at Omaha, Nebraska, was not very much to look at. In the picture of it, on another page of this week's WEEKLY, the most conspicuous feature is the ice-cart, whose driver has stopped to look on. Standing in the doorway is Judge W. D. Cornish, of St. Paul, Minnesota, special master, who sold the property. Somewhere near him, but indistinguishable, are General Louis Fitzgerald and Mr. Alvin Kreck, of New York, representatives of the bidders. The amount they bid was $57,564,932 76, and they got the property at that price. Turn to the picture and observe how small a crowd and how little stir may be consistent with a large transaction.

It continues to be matter of notice and of complaint that the market for ministers is bad, and that what demand there is is supplied almost entirely by young and tender ones, to the exclusion of older candidates who have the misfortune to be out of a job. The special reason usually given is the recent hard times. Ministers, it seems, are rated as luxuries, and even when folks are unwilling to go without them altogether they reduce their indulgence to what seems indispensable. One effect of the *res angustæ* has been found to be that in many cases where two small churches of different denominations, struggling along side by side, have found it impossible to make ends meet, they have joined forces and shared expenses. This has probably been good for the churches, but it has thrown ministers out of employment and helped to overstock the ministerial labor market.

An occupation that competes vigorously with golf for public patronage in Boston is the construction of plans for the arrangement of Copley Square. There is the square; any one can see it, and can discern the edifices which now border it, and can try to forecast those that are to come. The problem is to arrange the irregular space between the Library, the Art Museum, Trinity Church, and the other abutting buildings so as to make the space and the buildings look as well as possible without diverting two double-track trolley roads from their routes. To get the full decorative value out of two double-track trolley roads in such a space as Copley Square is a very nice contemporary problem. No wonder Boston is interested in it.

There was an admirable candor about the Parthian deliverance of the mother of Mlle. de Mérode, the French dancer, conveyed from the deck of the steamer which was to convey her and her daughter back to France. "We do not like this country," she said, "or the people in it. We shall never return, because Americans have no appreciation of true art." The daughter is the young woman, familiar through her photographs, who wore her hair down over her ears. Her saltations had failed, for some reason, to please the New-Yorkers, and her engagement, though remunerative to her pocket, had disappointed her employer. The mother's sentiments were perfectly natural and reasonable. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

E. S. Martin.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The Federal Convention of the Australian colonies has met and once more separated without coming to an absolute settlement of the question submitted to them. That question, it will be remembered, was the framing of a federal constitution likely to meet with acceptance from all the self-governing colonies among whom the territory of Australia has been divided. The convention originally met at Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, in March of this year, and agreed on a draft constitution for an Australian Federation. This draft has since then been submitted for the consideration of the Parliament of each of the colonies represented at the convention, and the changes which each of them suggested have been referred back to the convention at its adjourned meeting for consideration.

The adjourned convention met at Sydney on September 2, and remained in session until the 24th. During the session it considered all the suggested amendments of the Parliaments, adopted some, and rejected many others, and completed its labors in all but one respect—that, namely, of the financial relations between the colonies and the federal government. In all other respects the constitution may now be regarded as complete, and its prospects of successfully solving the problem of Australian Federation can be fairly estimated, although it must be confessed that the financial problem seems likely to tax to the uttermost the ingenuity of the advocates of a general federation of the colonies. In view of the importance and difficulty of this question, it has been referred to a committee of the convention, consisting of the treasurers of the various colonies, all of whom were delegates, to formulate a plan likely to meet the case, and to bring it up for final acceptance at a formal meeting to be held for that purpose in Melbourne in January next.

As soon as the work of this committee is finished and formally incorporated in the otherwise complete constitution the work of the convention will be finished, and nothing will remain to be done but to submit the proposed constitution to the people of each colony, who will be required to vote, "yes or no," on the question of their own colony joining the proposed federation. Should any three or more of the six colonies agree to accept the constitution, the federation will become an accomplished fact, so far as they are concerned, as soon as the Constitution Act can be passed by the British Parliament; should a less number agree, the movement will cease, probably for many years to come, if not indeed finally.

Looked at in the light of the discussions that have taken place in each of the colonial Parliaments on the draft constitution submitted to them, it is evident that, as originally passed by the convention, its chance of acceptance was very small, mainly owing to the radical antagonism between the two populous colonies of New South Wales and Victoria and the less populous colonies of South and West Australia and Tasmania on the constitution and powers of the Senate. The populous colonies, and especially New South Wales, the most populous and wealthy of the group, protest against a Senate in which each of the colonies shall be entitled to equal representation, irrespective of population, while the three less populous colonies insist that without such a provision they will not join any federation whatever. The feeling in the mother colony of the group, as New South Wales is called, is manifested by the fact that in both Chambers of her Parliament the proposal to strike out the provision for equal state representation was passed almost unanimously, and in this there is no reason to doubt they represented the feeling of the people.

The work of the adjourned meeting of the convention has centred around this question, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether the compromise which has been made will reconcile the people of New South Wales to the scheme. Upon this may be said absolutely to hinge the whole question whether an Australian Federation shall be formed or not. Without New South Wales such a federation is practically impossible, while a federation would be quite practicable embracing her own territory and that of Victoria, with the addition of either Tasmania or South Australia. What is now proposed, and has been accepted as the best attainable compromise by the convention, is that the federal Parliament shall consist of two Chambers—a Senate, to which each colony or state shall send six members, and an Assembly, to which they shall send representatives in the proportion of one to every fifty thousand of the population, no colony, however, sending fewer than five members; that the members of both Chambers shall be elected directly by the people, the Senators for six years, and the Assemblymen for four, but that the Senators of each colony shall be voted for by the voters as a single electorate, while the members of Assembly shall represent electoral districts containing as nearly as possible fifty thousand voters.

The convention declined to make state representation in the Senate proportional to population, but inserted a clause granting power to the Governor-General on the advice of the Executive—which, as in England, must have a majority in the Assembly—to dissolve the representative Chamber upon any irreconcilable disagreement between it and the Senate, and in case the disagreement shall continue after a new Assembly shall have been elected, then to dissolve both Chambers and to refer the question to an entirely new Parliament. The compromise may be looked on as an ingenious though cumbrous scheme for compelling a surrender by the less populous states on any vital question where a large majority of the people of Australia are of one opinion and a majority of the states are of another. It is, however, manifestly open to the objection that there is no finality about it, as the states and not the population manifestly have the last word.

The upshot of the whole business, therefore, would seem to be that while the financial difficulty will probably be adjusted in some way likely to obtain acceptance from the mass of the people in three or more of the colonies, it has been found impossible to reconcile the ideas of the smaller colonies, which demand a guarantee for an influential voice in the policy of Australia as a whole, and those of the two larger colonies, in respect of population at least, which insist that population alone must be the ultimate court of appeal on all national questions. This result of the convention's labors looks at present like the failure of the movement. It is possible that Victoria might give way and accept the terms dictated by the less populous colonies as the price of their acceptance of federation, because for many reasons Victoria is more anxious to federate than her more prosperous neighbor, the free-trade colony of the group, but there is very little chance that New South Wales will do so. She would probably have accepted the safety-valve of a referendum as a last resort in case of disagreements, but this was rejected, and unless the postponement of the appeal to the verdict of the electors until February or March next produces a great change in public feeling, it is not too much to say that the proposed federal constitution of Australia will be rejected by the people of New South Wales, which means the indefinite postponement of any federation for the island continent of the Pacific.

Hugh H. Lusk.

LIFE AND LETTERS

It is our last day in the hotel at Scheveningen, and I will try to recall in their pathetic order the events of the final week.

I.

Nothing has been stranger throughout than the fluctuation of the guests. At times they have dwindled to so small a number that one must reckon chiefly upon their quality for consolation; at other times they swelled to such a tide as to overflow the table, long or short, at dinner, and eddy round a second board beside it. There have been nights when I have walked down the long corridor to my seaward room through a barking solitude of empty chambers; there have been mornings when I have come out to breakfast past door-mats cheerful with boots of both sexes, and door-post hooks where dangling coats and trousers peopled the place with a lively if a somewhat flaccid semblance of human presence. The worst was that when some one went we lost a friend, and when some one came we only won a stranger.

Among the first to go were the kindly English folk whose acquaintance we made across the table the first night, and who took with them so large a share of our facile affections that we quite forgot the ancestral enmities, and even the seal-fishery question, and grieved for them as much as if they had been Americans. There have been in fact no Americans here but ourselves, and we have done what we could with the Germans who spoke English. The nicest of these were a charming family from F., father and mother, and son and daughter, with whom we had a pleasant week of dinners. At the very first we disagreed with the parents so amicably about Ibsen and Sudermann that I was almost sorry to have the son take our modern side of the controversy, and declare himself an admirer of those authors with us. Our frank literary difference established a kindness between us that was strengthened by our community of English, and when they went they left us to the sympathy of another German family with whom we had mainly our humanity in common. They spoke no English, and I only a German which they must have understood with their hearts rather than their heads, since it consisted chiefly of good-will. But in the air of their sweet natures it flourished surprisingly, and sufficed each day for praise of the weather after it began to be fine, and at parting for some fond regrets, not unmixed with philosophical reflections, sadly perplexed in the genders and the order of the verbs: with me the verb will seldom wait as it should in German, to the end. Both of these families, very different in social tradition, I fancied, were one in the amiability which makes the alien forgive so much militarism to the German nation, and hope for its final escape from the drill-sergeants. When they went, we were left for some meals to our own American tongue, with a brief interval of that English painter and his wife with whom we spoke our language as nearly like English as we could. Then followed a desperate lunch and dinner where an unbroken forest of German, and a still more impenetrable morass of Dutch, hemmed us in. But last night it was our joy to be addressed in our own speech by a lady who spoke it as admirably as our dear friends from F. She was Dutch, and when she found we were Americans she praised our historian Motley, and told us how his portrait is gratefully honored with a place in the Queen's palace, The House in the Woods, near Scheveningen.

II.

She had come up from her place in the country, four hours away, for the last of the concerts here, which have been given throughout the summer by the best orchestra in Europe, and which have been thronged every afternoon and evening by people from The Hague. One honored day this week even the Queen and the Queen Mother came down to the concert, and gave us incomparably the greatest event of our waning season. I had noticed all the morning a floral perturbation about the main entrance of the hotel, which settled into the form of banks of autumnal bloom on either side of the specially carpeted stairs, and put forth on the roof of the arcade in a crown, much bigger round than a barrel, of orange-colored asters, in honor of the Queen's ancestral house of Orange. Flags of blue, white, and red, fluttered nervously about in the breeze from the sea, and imparted to us an agreeable anxiety not to miss seeing the Queens, as the Dutch succinctly call their sovereign and her parent; and at three o'clock we saw them drive up to the hotel. Certain officials in civil dress stood at the door of the concert-room to usher the Queens in, and a bareheaded, bald-headed dignity of military figure backed up the stairs before them. I would not rashly commit myself to particulars concerning their dress, but I am sure that the elder Queen wore black, and the younger white. The mother has one of the best and wisest faces I have seen any woman wear (and most of the good wise faces in this imperfectly balanced world are women's) and the daughter one of the sweetest, and prettiest. Pretty is the word for her face, and it showed pink through her blond veil, as she smiled and bowed right and left; her features are small and fine, and she is not above the middle height.

As soon as she had passed into the concert-room, we who had waited to see her go in, ran round to another door and joined the two or three thousand people who were standing to receive the Queens. They had already mounted to the royal box, and they stood there while the orchestra played one of the Dutch national airs. (One is not enough for the Dutch; they must have two.) Then the mother faded somewhere into the background, and the daughter sat alone in the front, on a gilt throne, with a gilt crown at top, and a very uncomfortable carved Gothic back. She looked so young, so gentle, and so good that the rudest Republican could not have helped wishing her well out of a position so essentially and irreparably false as a hereditary sovereign's. One forgot in the presence of her innocent seventeen years that most of the ruling princes of the world had left it the worse for their having been in it; at moments one forgot her altogether as a princess, and saw her only as a charming young girl, who had to sit up rather stiffly.

At the end of the programme the Queens rose, and walked slowly out, while the orchestra played the *other* national air.

III.

I call them the Queens, because the Dutch do; and I like Holland so much that I should hate to differ with the Dutch in anything. But as a matter of fact they are neither of them quite Queens; the mother is the regent and the daughter will not be crowned till next year.

But such as they are, they imparted a supreme emotion to our dying season, and thrilled the hotel with a fulness of summer life. Since they went, the season faintly pulses and respires, so that one can just say that it is still alive. Last Sunday was fine, and great crowds came down from The Hague to the concert, and spread out on the seaward terrace of the hotel, around the little tables which I fancied that the waiters had each morning wiped dry of the dew, from a mere Dutch desire of cleaning something. The hooded chairs covered the beach; the children played in the edges of the surf and delved in the sand; the lovers wandered up into the hollows of the dunes.

There was only the human life, however. I have looked in vain for the crabs, big and little, that swarmed on the Long Island shore, and there are hardly any gulls, even; perhaps because there are no crabs for them to eat, if they eat crabs; I never saw gulls doing it, but they must eat something. Dogs there are, of course, wherever there are people; but they are part of the human life. Dutch dogs are in fact very human; and one I saw yesterday behaved quite as badly as a bad boy, with respect to his muzzle. He did not like his muzzle, and by dint of turning somersaults in the sand he got it off, and went frolicking to his master in triumph to show him what he had done.

IV.

It is now the last day, and the desolation is thickening upon our hotel. This morning the door-posts up and down my corridor showed not a single pair of trousers; not a pair of boots flattered the lonely door-mats. In the lower hall I found the tables of the great dining-room assembled, and the chairs inverted on them with their legs in the air; but decently, decorously, not with the reckless abandon displayed by the chairs in our Long Island hotel for weeks before it closed. In the smaller dining-room the table was set for lunch as if we were to go on dining there forever; in the breakfast-room the service and the provision were as perfect as ever. The coffee was good, the bread delicious, the butter of an unfaltering sweetness; and the glaze of wear on the polished dress-coats of the waiters as respectable as it could have been on the first day of the season. All was correct, and if of a funereal correctness to me, I am sure this effect was purely subjective.

The little bell-boys in sailor suits (perhaps they ought to be spelled bell-buoys) clustered about the elevator-boy like so many Roman sentinels at their posts; the elevator-boy and his elevator were ready to take us up or down at any moment.

The *portier* and I ignored together the hour of parting, which we had definitely ascertained and agreed upon, and we exchanged some compliments to the weather, which is now settled, as if we expected to enjoy it long together. I rather dread going in to lunch, however, for I fear the empty places.

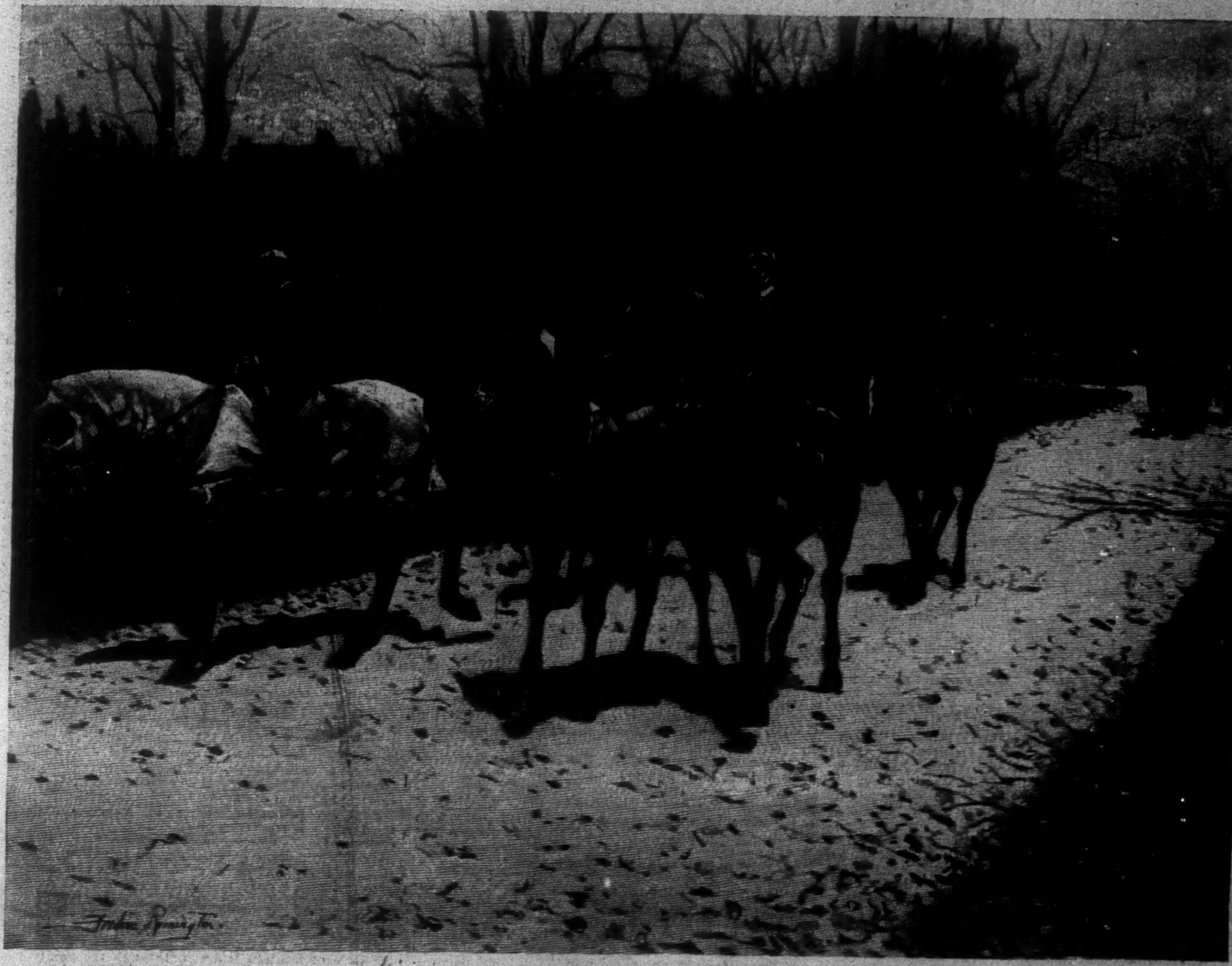
V.

All is over; we are off. The lunch was an heroic effort of the hotel to hide the fact of our separation. It was perfect, unless the boiled beef was a confession of human weakness; but even this boiled beef was exquisite, and the horseradish that went with it was so mellowed by art, that it checked rather than provoked the parting tear. The table d'hôte had reserved a final surprise for us; and when we sat down with the fear of nothing but German around us, we heard the sound of our own speech from the pleasantest English pair we had yet encountered; and the travelling English *are* pleasant; I will say it, who am said by Sir Walter Besant to be the only American who hates their nation. It was really an added pang to go, on their account, but the carriage was waiting at the door; the *domestique* had already carried our baggage to the steam-tram station; the genial menial train formed around us for an ultimate *douceur*, and we were off, after the *portier* had shut us into our vehicle and touched his oft-touched cap for the last time, while the hotel façade dissembled its grief by architecturally smiling in the soft Dutch sun.

I liked this manner of leaving better than carrying part of my own baggage to the train, as I had to do on Long Island, though that too had its charm: the charm of the whole fresh, pungent American life, which at this distance is so dear.

W. D. Howells.

THE CONQUEROR OF THE HOUR.—Drawn by A. I. Keller.—[See Page 1150.]



GOING TO THE HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—ROAD COACHES IN THE RING.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

THE THIRTEENTH HORSE SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 1158.]

LINES TO A LOST CITY.

Tammany town, Tammany town,
Old Nick's throne, seat of the crown,
How have ye pulled yourself so down,
Tammany town?
What is the maggot that's got your brain,
Tammany town?
Giving yourself to the thieves again?
Making your hope of the future vain?
Turning your back with a strange disdain
On all that was good for all that's pain,
Tammany town!

Proudest of cities ye might have been,
Tammany town,
Surest of cities to rule as Queen,
Fair as the fairest mankind has seen,
Down you plunge in a ruck obscene
Tammany town!

What have ye done with your honored name,
Tammany town?
What have ye cared for your envied fame,
Tammany town?
Better the torch and better the flame
Than the choice of a life of lust and shame
At the beck of the first of the thieves that came—
Lost Tammany town!

John Kendrick Bangs.

HORSE-SHOW WEEK.

Birds of a feather must flock together now and then, and the best available excuse for meeting is good enough. Old soldiers meet by the hundred thousand at the annual national encampment of the G. A. R.; Christian Endeavorers flock by myriads to the Christian Endeavor conventions; Christians of another variety swell the gatherings of the Christian Alliance. Do you know what the May meetings are?—the annual missionary meetings of the A. B. C. F. M. There were and doubtless still are thousands of people whose idea of an indulgence is to go to those May meetings, and have their hearts warmed by the fellowship of kindred minds, and their souls exalted by missionary enthusiasm. In like manner a great prize-fight draws its patrons, enormously interested in the event that attracts them, and profoundly gratified to meet and estimate one another. The redoubtable Sullivan reported as present at Carson City last March "every kind of a sport that this great country can produce, every kind of money that goes in this country, and every kind of revolver that any one ever heard of." So the New York Horse Show is the occasion for annual gathering from all parts of the country of persons of affiliated tastes and interests. Who comes to it? Persons who are interested in horses; the pals and associates of persons who are interested in horses; persons who wish to look at the horse people and their friends; and people in general who go to any show that draws a crowd.

A taste for fine horses is expensive, and the people who cultivate it are for the most part rich people. Being rich, they are incidentally people of fashion. They form the nucleus of the annual Horse-Show crowd. They come from the country and from all the great cities to New York, crowding her hotels and restaurants, rejoicing the hearts of her retail merchants. New York is never more obviously the American metropolis than during Horse-Show week. Then begins her short fashionable season, which runs a feverish three months' course, and welcomes its own culmination on Ash-Wednesday.

This is the thirteenth year of the New York Horse Show's existence as an annual institution. Interest in it keeps up because the show serves so many convenient purposes. The premiums paid for boxes (amounting to about $22,000) fell short this year about $3500 of the amount realized last year, and was hardly more than half as large as the sum realized in some lavish years prior to 1893. But that falling off signifies rather a more intelligent appreciation of the value of a box than a decline in general interest. It is offset in some measure by the fact that there are 1800 entries of horses for the show in place of 1200 last year. A few former exhibitors have grown tired, and have not sent their horses this year, but their places have been more than filled by new-comers—young men, some of them, who have grown up and learned horse since these exhibitions began.

The show began last Monday, and lasts as usual six days. The best place to see it is at the Madison Square Garden, and for persons who find it inconvenient to go there the next-best places are doubtless the Astoria Hotel, and Delmonico's new restaurant at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. The advantage of going to the Garden is that one finds there both the people and the horses, whereas at the restaurants there are only the people. But, wherever seen, the show is a great show, fit to edify the horse-lover, the anthropologist, and the philosopher, and not to be neglected by any one who is interested in horse or in his own species.

Not to know a little something about horses is a mistake, but a particularly bad mistake for any one who spends much time in New York. There is a perpetual show of horses in this town, from which daily pleasure is to be had at the mere cost of a little discriminating sense. The ability to recognize the merits of a good horse as he passes on the street is a qualification that pays for itself in momentary entertainment a dozen times a day. We are sorry for any one who cannot see the beauty in a landscape, or is oblivious to the charm of a pretty girl or the symmetry of a fine building. So we should be sorry for any one who does not appreciate the goodness of a good horse. Such persons should take pains to correct their ignorance. They should go to the Horse Show in the Garden and study the horses. If they are attentive and persevere they can hardly help learning something, and if they learn how many different sorts of good horses there are, and by what special points each sort is known, their accomplishment will be sure to repay them all the trouble of its acquisition.

As for persons who have no eye for a horse, and are incapable of feeling an ambition to acquire that sort of perception, for them there are the people who help to make the show. The Horse-Show people, wherever one encounters them, are interesting. Whether they come from Milwaukee or Montreal, from Baltimore, Buffalo, Boston, San Francisco, or Chicago, or represent the exuberance of Manhattan Island, it is a fascinating occupation for meditative observers to watch them. The horse-lovers grumble over the Horse Show because, they say, no one looks at the horses. But, gracious! think what the competition is! The noblest study of mankind being man, and the most engrossing study of womankind being clothes, and men, women, and clothes being on exhibition at the Horse Show in absolutely unrivalled measure, is it any wonder that Equitatus should assert that a Horse-Show horse would blush if any one looked at him?

But the case is not so bad as that. The horses are looked at, and a beautiful spectacle they make—far handsomer and better, be it remembered, than they did thirteen years ago, when the National Horse Show Association held its first exhibition here, and began to foster that intelligent rivalry among breeders and owners which has had such remarkable and admirable results. E. S. M.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

It is hard to say whether cycling is more popular in England than in America. It certainly ought to be more universal here, because of the excellent roads which radiate from London in all directions. Last Sunday I spent with some old friends in Surrey, about twenty-five miles from London, on the Brighton Road. Of course I went on my bicycle, and found the whole distance as smooth as the central part of the Riverside Drive. The temptation to scorch is wellnigh irresistible, for the roads are crowded with young men who go down to Brighton, fifty miles, of a Saturday afternoon, and come home Sunday evening. My host in Surrey was a country squire, farming some three hundred acres of land, and, as happens usually in England, he acted several days in the week as a justice of the peace without salary. I asked him how he managed to prevent scorching through the streets of Reigate. He said it was very simple. Three policemen are stationed within supporting distance one of the other. The first is in plain clothes. He addresses the scorcher with the words, "You are going too fast, sir." The scorcher may retort by denying this, and proceeding. The second policeman is in uniform. He greets the scorcher with an order to stop, but, confident in his powers, the young man on the wheel flies past him with a flippant if not profane remark. After these two warnings the young man is allowed to come to grief at the hands of policeman number three, who is armed with a staff six feet long, and this is dexterously applied in such a manner as to steer the offender into the neighboring hedge. Here he is arrested and brought before the justices of the peace, not merely on account of furious driving, but also of showing contempt for the law. My host is himself a keen wheelman, and in full sympathy with bicycling as a pastime. The law hits only a dangerously large class of racing-men who are a nuisance to the public because of their rudeness on the highway.

It is a fashion in Europe to have post-cards decorated with views of nearly every imaginable resort of strangers, the idea being that visitors purchase these in order to send a greeting to their friends at home. The custom is peculiarly German, for amongst Germans sentiment plays much more freely than amongst us. The latest manifestation of this interesting industry comes to me from German East Africa, a place so remote as hardly to justify postal connection, let alone illustrated post-cards.

A friend in Paris, a professor of the university, wrote me two days ago that he had seen some extracts of a book of mine on South Africa, and evidently proposed to pay me the compliment of purchasing a copy for himself and family. But it was with something like a shock that I read the closing words of his generous letter. They were, "I suppose I can put it safely into the hands of my young daughters?" I blushed for Harper & Brothers. Where in the world had this scholarly Frenchman gained the impression that one of their books could by any accident interfere with the moral expansion of a Parisian young lady?

Europe must have seemed a rather lonesome place at the beginning of this century, so far as Americans are concerned. This occurred to me as I glanced over the list of guests who frequented Karlsbad in the summer of 1819. I could find but one American, one David Parish, who was United States consul at that time, and dwelt at the sign of the "Melon on the Green." The Bürgermeister of Karlsbad had kindly placed the town records at my disposal, and I made a note of one or two curious things. To-day Americans come to Karlsbad by the thousand every year, and English is almost the prevailing language among shopkeepers and hotel people. In 1819 the total number of guests was two thousand; this year it was more than forty thousand. Then it had only four doctors, whereas now more than three hundred are occupied. One entry tells us that "Herr J. Wolfang von Goethe, Grand Ducal Saxon Privy Councillor and Minister of State from Weimar, is lodged at the sign of the 'Three Moors' on the market-place," August 29.

Another entry tells that "Herr Ernst von Bismarck, Royal Prussian Captain from Schoenhausen, dwells at the sign of the 'Gold Wreath on the Green,'" May 21.

This was *a* Bismarck, but not *the* Bismarck, or even his father. But the little entry suggests that this member of the great family was also given to high living, and, moreover, was characteristically thrifty in that he undertook his cure at a time of year when lodgings are only half-price.

Whenever I read a protectionist document, it is to be told that we need protection because our industries are in the infant stage of development. When this humbug becomes exploded, it will be a most excellent thing. The facts are that we were an exporting and manufacturing people before we were a people at all, if I may use this paradoxical form. Among the manuscript treasures of Lord North's I found the following entry: "Account of the number of vessels cleared outward from the several ports on the Continent of North America, and of the goods and produce exported—5th of Jan. 1770 to 5th of Jan. 1771."

Under this heading I noticed not merely 12,000 bushels of wheat, but large quantities of wagons, chaises, and chairs, bed-posts, oars, masts, yards, and bowsprits; also over 2000 tons of bar-iron and 5747 tons of pig-iron.

This commerce was achieved in the face of many vexatious regulations imposed by the mother-country; and in those days, so far from asking protection, American citizens clamored only for free trade.

The government of the German Emperor could not act with more political sagacity than it does if its avowed purpose were to bring about a revolution. Social democracy and all the forces of discontent have been strengthened since the sending to jail of the seventy-year-old Liebknecht, whose crime consisted in expressing sentiments differing considerably from those of the Emperor's court. The power of this socialist member of congress was rather on the wane at the time when the courts pronounced him guilty. Now, of course, he has become a martyr, and Germans credit him with virtues which he never possessed. My friends confidently say that the Emperor is losing his reason. This is nonsense. He has just as much command of his faculties as ever had Napoleon. We are apt to think a man insane when he acts differently from ourselves. The Emperor's trouble lies in this, that he believes in the infallibility of a divinely anointed sovereign and has the courage to act upon it. He is a Protestant Pius IX., with an army of half a million men behind him. He is just as sane as any of us, but he lives in a set of ideas compounded from those of his absolutist grandfather, William I., and the so-called Great Elector. When a man knows that he is right, his duty is to punish those who do wrong. In this manner the Spanish Inquisition reconciled piety with thumbscrews, and by such reasoning must the German Emperor reconcile his conduct with his otherwise generous disposition. It is curious to note that the three Prussian monarchs who have locked up the largest proportion of their subjects for political crimes have been three men notoriously pious and Protestant—Frederick William III., Frederick William IV., and William I. Our present William is acting as though he intended to beat the record. Germans know this, but German editors know also that they would be sent to jail if they quoted the above paragraph in their papers.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE HIGHEST NORTH MADE BY EXPLORERS.

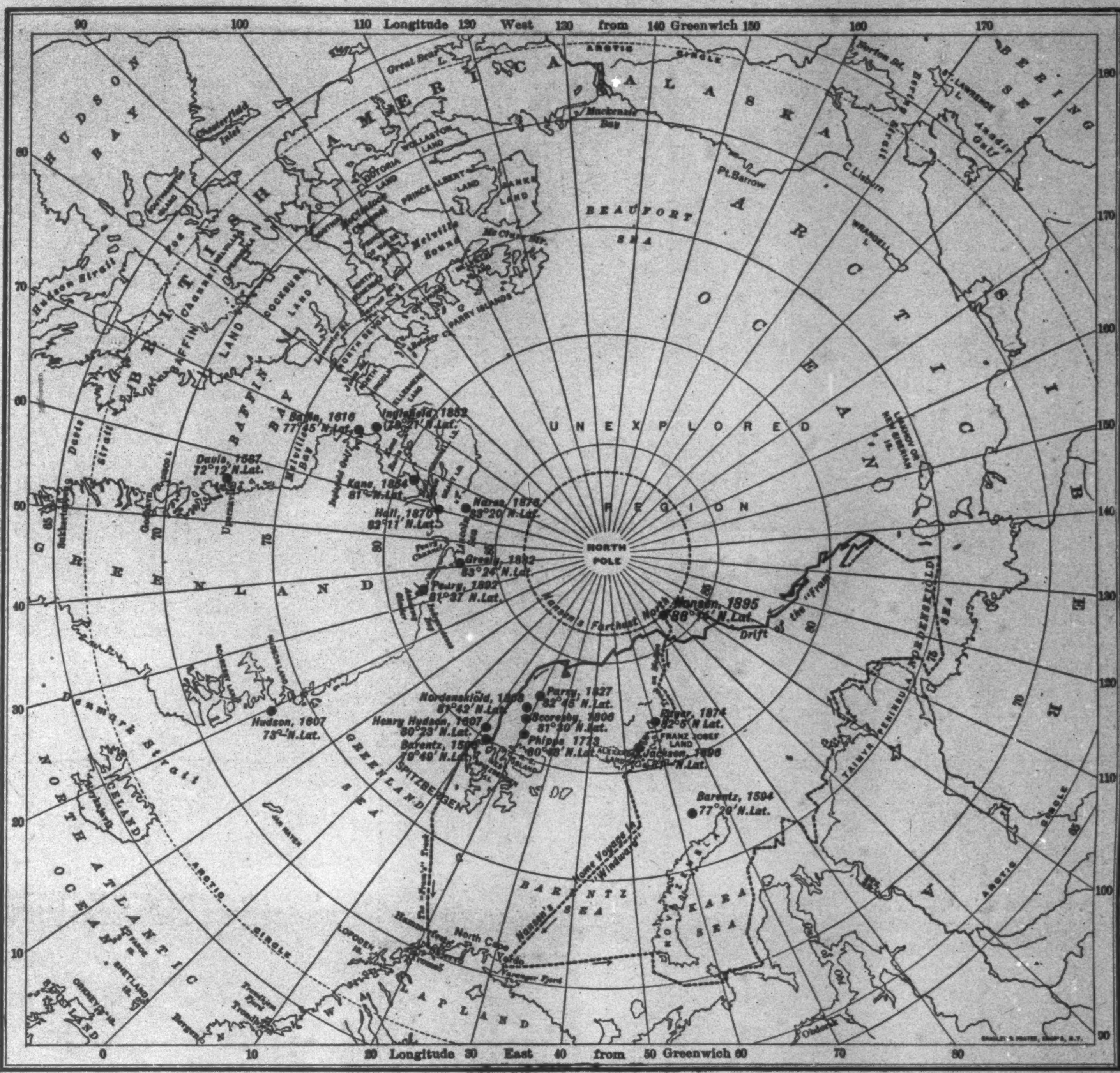
Dr. Nansen arrived in this country on October 23, and is now receiving from learned societies, explorers, and the public the recognition which his brilliant achievements have earned. On the evening of his arrival the American Geographical Society bestowed upon him its gold medal for his voyage on the *Fram* and his sledge journey to the farthest north yet reached. In his speech on that occasion Dr. Nansen spoke of the great part Americans have taken in arctic exploration, and in particular of the work of Peary, and of the expedition that will start next year towards the north pole under Peary's able leadership.

The map on the next page will enable the reader to see one of the reasons why Dr. Nansen's long drift in the polar pack, and his sledge journey over the rough ice, entitle him to unusual distinction as an arctic explorer. A circle of latitude is drawn through the point of his nearest approach to the north pole, which he reached in April, 1895. The map also shows the highest points attained by various explorers during the past three centuries. The distances between each of these points, and the circle of latitude passing through 86° 14′ N., Nansen's highest north, indicate to what extent the Norwegian has surpassed all his predecessors in his approach to the northern apex of the earth. Any arctic explorer is successful who pushes his researches into the unknown area; and how far Nansen penetrated the area that no man had seen before him is shown by the distance between the circle of latitude and the point attained by Greely's comrades, Lockwood and Brainard, north of Greenland.

The hardy mariners who were the pioneers in polar discovery achieved wonders, considering that they had everything to learn about methods of arctic work, and their vessels and equipment were very inadequate. One of the greatest of all arctic voyagers was the man who commanded the first true polar expedition, William Barentz. He sailed from Holland in 1594 on the little fishing-smack *Mercurius*, and the object of his voyage shows how ignorant the merchants and seamen of those days were as to the navigability of arctic seas. Barentz pushed into the unknown for the purpose of sailing around the north end of Nova Zembla and finding a northeast passage to China; and so for a month he skirted the wall of ice that barred his way, seeking in every direction for a lane by which he might travel through the pack, putting his vessel about eighty-one times, and travelling back and forth along the ice edge for 1700 miles. The highest north he attained during this careful examination of the ice edge was 614 statute miles south of the highest point reached by Nansen, or 874 miles from the pole.

The next high latitude was also attained by Barentz in 1596, when he discovered Spitzbergen. He was still in search of the Northeast Passage, but he went far west of Nova Zembla this time, for his comrades over-persuaded him, holding the erroneous opinion of those days that ice could only be formed under the shelter of the land. He wished to reach the open sea, but instead he came to more northern lands, and sailed on to the northwest till he was stopped again by the polar pack. He had advanced to within 702 miles of the north pole, or 442 miles south of Nansen's highest point. The subsequent proceedings of Barentz and his crew make a pathetic chapter in arctic discovery. They spent the arctic night on the northeast coast of Nova Zembla, where "they were forced, in great cold, poverty, misery, and griefe, to stay all the winter." Barentz, like Sir John Franklin, died amid his discoveries, for he breathed his last in an open boat among the ice-floes, when the survivors, in the following spring, were escaping from their winter prison.

Eleven years later, in the same Spitzbergen waters, the bold seaman Henry Hudson made another step in advance on the way to the north pole. He explored the inlets and islands on the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, finally reached the northern limit of the western part of the archipelago, and sailed a little ways to the east. The



110 Longitude 120 West 130 from 140 Greenwich 150
20 Longitude 30 East 40 from 50 Greenwich 60
HUDSON BAY
AMERICA
ALASKA
BEAUFORT SEA
ARCTIC OCEAN
BERING SEA
UNEXPLORED REGION
NORTH POLE
BAFFIN BAY
GREENLAND
GREENLAND SEA
SPITZBERGEN
BARENTZ SEA
KARA SEA
LAPLAND
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
ICELAND
Denmark Strait
Davis Strait
ARCTIC CIRCLE
Baffin, 1616 77°45' N.Lat.
Inglefield, 1852 78°21' N.Lat.
Davis, 1587 72°12' N.Lat.
Kane, 1854 81° N.Lat.
Hall, 1870 82°11' N.Lat.
Nares, 1876 83°20' N.Lat.
Greely, 1882 83°24' N.Lat.
Peary, 1892 81°37' N.Lat.
Nansen, 1895 86°14' N.Lat.
Nansen's Farthest North
Drift of the "Fram"
Hudson, 1607 73° N.Lat.
Nordenskiöld, 1868 81°42' N.Lat.
Henry Hudson, 1607 80°23' N.Lat.
Barentz, 1596 79°49' N.Lat.
Parry, 1827 82°45' N.Lat.
Scoresby, 1806 81°30' N.Lat.
Phipps 1773 80°48' N.Lat.
Payer, 1874 82°5' N.Lat.
FRANZ JOSEF LAND
Jackson, 1895
Barentz, 1594 77°20' N.Lat.
Nansen's Home Voyage in "Windward"
North Cape
Vardø

THE FARTHEST NORTH.

Nansen's achievement compared with those of previous Explorers.

most northern point that he attained was 663 statute miles from the north pole, and 403 miles south of Nansen's farthest. This expedition was of immense advantage to commerce, for when Hudson returned home he told of the vast numbers of whales and walrus he had seen, and his report led to the establishment of the rich and prosperous fisheries in the Spitzbergen seas which flourished for two centuries. Holland alone, in a little over a century, profited by $90,000,000 of products that were brought from this arctic region.

More than a century and a half elapsed before Henry Hudson's record in the far north was passed, and then it was beaten by only a few miles. It was Captain Phipps's expedition from England, and its purpose was to ascertain how far navigation was possible towards the north pole. It reached the west coast of Spitzbergen on June 28, 1773, and for over five weeks Captain Phipps skirted the edge of the pack-ice, pushing into every opening he could find, and invariably stopped by solid ice-fields. He examined a line extending east and west over twenty degrees of longitude, and became convinced that, in that season at least, there was no passage north of Spitzbergen. The highest point he reached was 635 miles from the north pole, and Nansen passed Phipps's latitude 375 miles to reach his farthest north.

But notable progress towards the pole was still to be made in the Spitzbergen sea. In 1806 the Scottish whaler Scoresby pressed into the ice-pack west of the Spitzbergen Archipelago. Along the horizon to the north he saw a bluish-gray streak, which he knew was an indication of water beyond the pack; so he cut channels with ice saws and towed and tracked his ship till he reached a wide stretch of open water in 80° north latitude. He had clear sailing till he reached the solid pack again in 81° 30′, establishing a new record for the highest north. The ice stopped him when he was still 586 miles from the pole, and Nansen surpassed his record by 326 miles.

Twenty-one years later, in 1827, Parry attempted to reach the pole by sledge-boats that might be dragged over the ice or floated on the open water. He found good anchorage for his ship in Hecla Cove, on the north shore of Spitzbergen; and then, on June 21, the leader and fifteen men started in their boats for the north pole. The boats were flat-bottomed, and when on the ice they rested on runners shod with metal. Two days later they were hauled up on the pack, and then began the terribly laborious ice journey. Each boat, with its supplies, weighed 3753 pounds. Owing to an unusual rainfall, the surface of the pack was soft, countless pools of water divided the floes, and the men were incessantly launching and hauling up the boats and floundering knee-deep in the slush. Then the pack began to drift south, at the rate of four miles a day, and thus they often lost nearly as much as they gained by many hours at the drag-ropes. Thirty-two days after he left Spitzbergen, Parry decided to turn back. He had reached 82° 45′, and this remained the highest northing till Nares surpassed it in 1876. The pole was 500 miles north of Parry's turning-point, which was 240 miles south of Nansen's farthest. This was the highest point reached in the eastern hemisphere till Nansen made his journey.

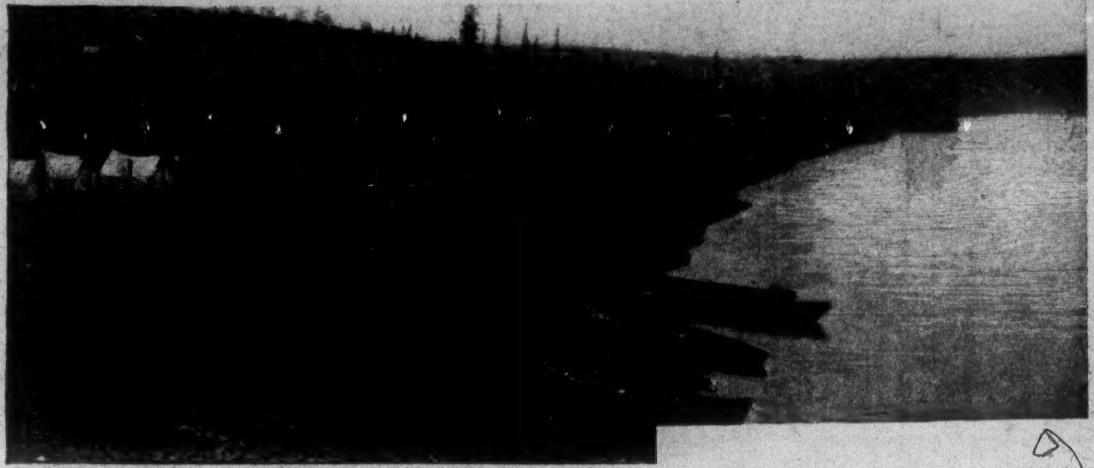
Then, in 1868, north of Spitzbergen, Professor Nordenskjöld attained the latitude of 81° 42′, nearly a degree south of Parry's record, but the highest latitude attained in the eastern hemisphere by a ship till the *Fram* beat it, north of Franz-Josef Land, where Nansen's vessel came within 279 miles of the pole. Nansen beat all records, therefore, both by sledge and ship. In Franz-Josef Land, Payer's sledge journey in 1874, if his observations were correct, brought him within 546 miles of the pole; and Jackson, in 1895, standing on the shore of Victoria Sea, was about 621 miles from the pole. This completed the list of most northern journeys in the eastern hemisphere, till Nansen, in 1895, stood about as near the pole as New York is from Boston, or 260 miles. The *Jeannette* expedition, though bound for the pole, was never in the race, for it did not succeed in reaching a high northern point.

In the western hemisphere all but one of the nine expeditions whose work towards the pole was particularly notable approached it by the route of Davis Strait, on the west side of Greenland. In the same year that Henry Hudson passed the eightieth parallel in Spitzbergen waters he stopped on the seventy-third parallel off the east Greenland coast. John Davis led the long procession of explorers up the west coast of Greenland, and on his third voyage, in 1587, he reached a point a little south of Upernavik and 1205 miles from the pole. Then came one of the most brilliant of arctic voyages, that of William Baffin, in 1616, when he attained a latitude west of Greenland that was not reached again for two centuries. He came within 845 miles of the pole, not far from the two camps that were for three years the basis of Peary's sledging operations. In 1852, when Inglefield pushed over the same route, he surpassed Baffin's record by only about forty miles. He went to the gateway of Smith Sound, through which Kane passed in 1854, ushering in the brilliant period of arctic research when Smith Sound was the favorite approach to the pole. All of these explorers were Americans, except the Nares party, and their work is too well known to require more than brief mention.

Morton, of Kane's expedition, reached Cape Constitution, 621 miles from the pole and 361 miles south of Nansen's highest point. In 1870 that great arctic explorer Captain Hall pushed far north to the frozen sea at the extreme northern end of the Smith Sound outlet, 539 miles from the pole. Nansen surpassed this record by 279 miles. Then Markham, of the Nares expedition, in 1876, surpassed the record that Parry had made in 1827, and in his terribly toilsome journey over the ice hummocks of the Arctic Ocean, north of Grant Land, made the great record of 460 miles from the pole, which Nansen beat by 200 miles. Markham's achievement was unequalled until 1882, when Lockwood and Brainard, of the Greely expedition, in a fine sledge journey along the Greenland coast, barely surpassed it. When they turned back they were within 455 miles of the north pole, and the highest north was ours till Nansen wrested it from us by doing 195 miles better. The Norwegian explorer has therefore been nearer the pole by 195 miles than any of his predecessors.

Peary's sledge journey on the inland ice in 1892 extended our knowledge of the trend of the east Greenland coast for 200 miles further north, but as the purpose was to ascertain the northern limit of that land, his journey did not reach the higher latitudes. If good fortune favors him, he may recover the prize of the highest north for America in his next expedition.

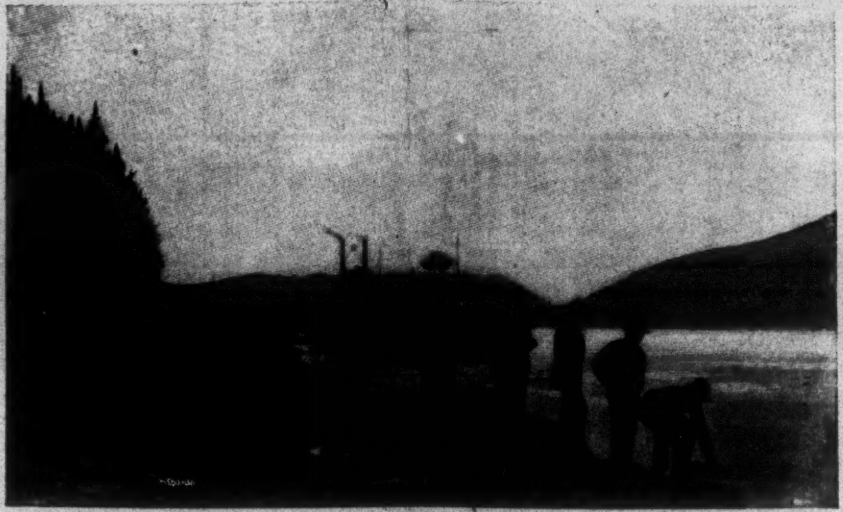
England held the record of the highest north for 275 years, from Hudson's voyage in 1607 till 1882, when the record was transferred to this country. The record, both by sledge and ship, passed in 1895 to Norway; and Nansen's wonderful achievement has left so wide a gap between him and his nearest predecessors that he will indeed be one of fortune's favorites who crosses the gap and draws nearer to the pole.



RAMPART CITY, MINOOK CREEK—VIEW FROM DECK OF STEAMER "ALICE," THE STEAMER "HEALY" IN DISTANCE.

THE FIRST RESTAURANT IN RAMPART CITY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

TANANA STATION, WHERE CAPTAIN RAY, U.S.A., HAS STAKED A GOVERNMENT MILITARY RESERVE.

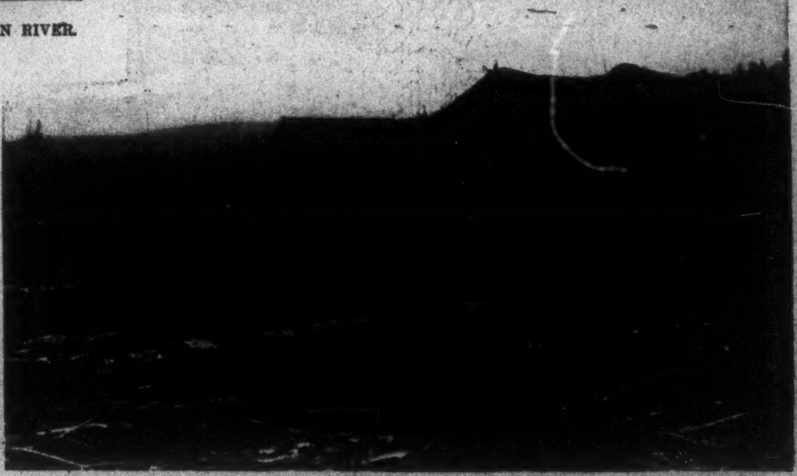


PASSENGERS ON THE STEAMER "HAMILTON" PROSPECTING IN THE RAMPARTS, YUKON RIVER.

RAMPART CITY AFTER THE GRUB CAME.

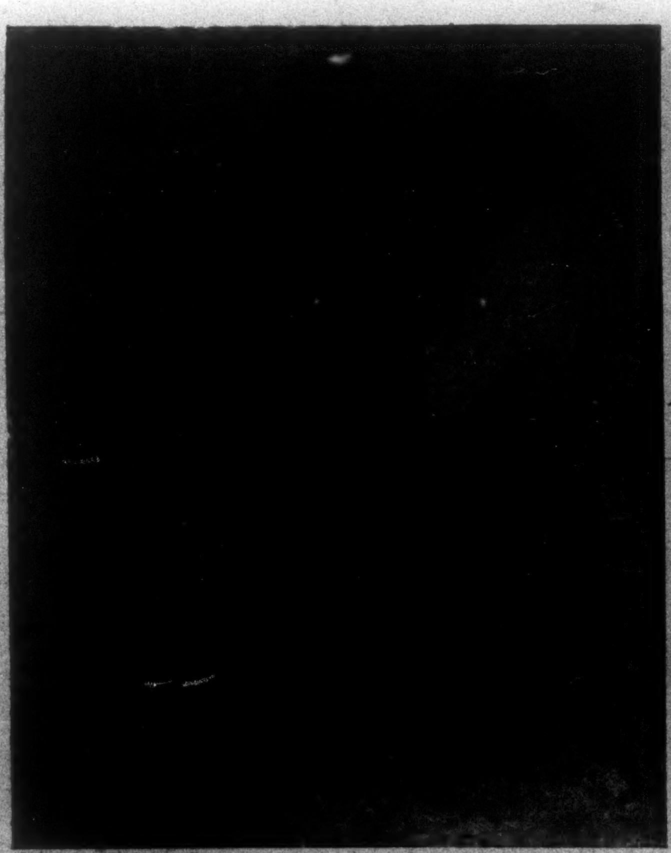
FORT HAMLIN, FROM DECK OF STEAMER "HAMILTON."

FORT HAMLIN—STEAMERS "BELLA" AND "MARGARET" AND BARGES.

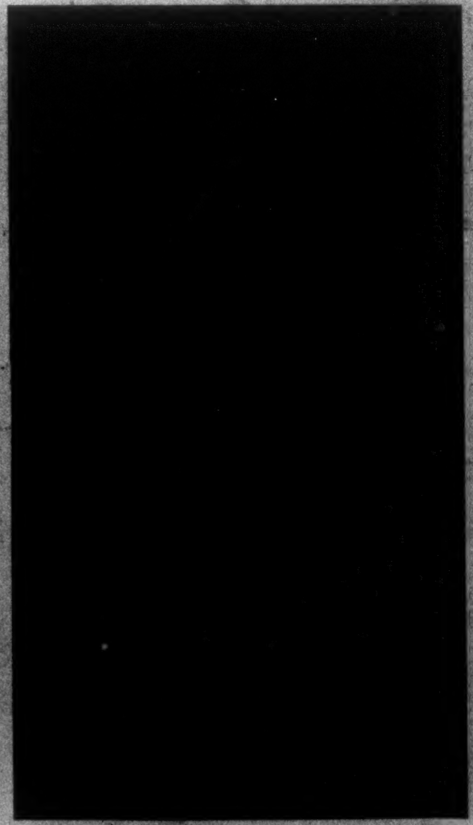


MAIN STREET IN RAMPART CITY.

ON THE ROAD TO THE KLONDIKE—WHERE MINERS BOUND FOR THE DIGGINGS *VIÂ* THE YUKON WILL SPEND THE WINTER.—[SEE PAGE 1154.]

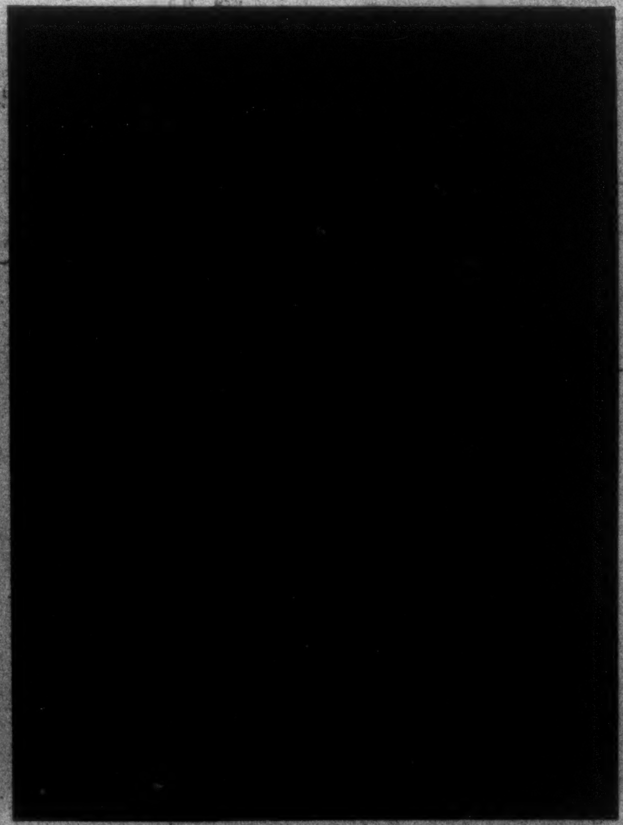


MENDING THE NETS.—By Louis Paul Dessar.
Honorable Mention.



MISS KITTY.—By J. J. Shannon.
Medal of the First Class (gold), carrying with it an Award of $1500.

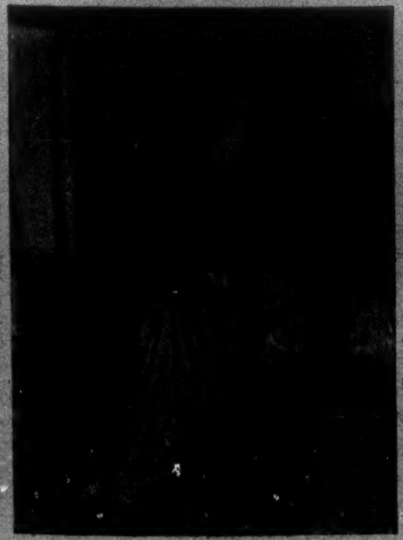
FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR.—By J. Alden Weir.
Medal of the Third Class (bronze), carrying with it an Award of $500.



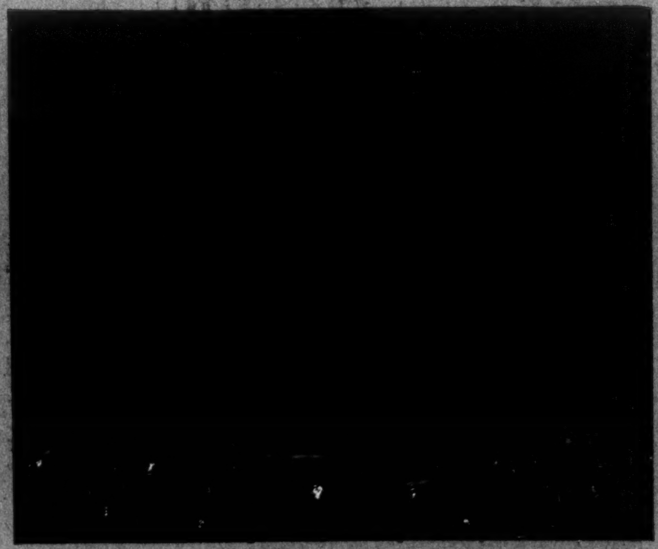
THE VIOLINIST.—By Wilton Lockwood.
Honorable Mention.

THE ARQUES AT-ANCOURT—EVENING.—By Fritz Thaulow.
Medal of the Second Class (silver), carrying with it an Award of $1000.

PORTRAIT.—By Cecilia Beaux.



CHILD WITH HORSE.—By Edmund C. Tarbell.



SHEEP—EVENING.—By A. Bryan Wall.

FROM THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.—By Courtesy of the Carnegie Institute.—[See Page 1154.]

ART EXHIBITION AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.

The rapid growth of the art movement in the United States during the last ten years has demonstrated at least one important point in which the situation here differs materially from that of any one nation in Europe. In France there is but one acknowledged centre, which has long aspired to hold the foremost place abroad, and it may be admitted with reason, since artists of every race are indebted to Paris for the hospitality of her schools and academies, and her generous recognition of their talent. This may also be said of Munich in a scarcely lesser degree, and, in fact, every important capital of the Old World has become in some measure an art centre.

In view of the fact that several of our chief cities have already opened the doors of their academies to foreign exhibitors, and at the same time have taken such measures as lay within their power to stimulate and encourage the art of our own country, many doubts and fears have been expressed by those interested in the success of the Carnegie Institute, that the artists of other cities and of Europe might be loath to acknowledge the importance of an exhibition held in so young a city as Pittsburg, and one which has but so recently vindicated her right to a prominent position among older rivals.

That such doubts and fears were unfounded has been triumphantly proved by the success of the exhibition of last year and of that which has just been opened by the President of the United States. Viewed from a transatlantic stand-point it does not much matter where such an exhibition takes place—so long as it is in America—it will be judged by its standard, by its quality, and by its success. Europeans have long since ceased to wonder at any marvellous thing which may take place in this country. Fairy tales which would scarcely have obtained credence thirty years ago would excite but passing comment to-day.

An Aladdin's palace twenty stories high, filled with treasures of art, might arise in a night, and the readers of the *Figaro* would not marvel much thereat. Viewed in this light it is obvious that more than one art centre is needed, and it may be taken for granted that several may flourish in a country of such vast extent, and where culture, especially that of the higher arts, is, in a geographical sense, so generally diffused. Before the advent of the annual inter-State expositions, more or less international in scope, each coterie of artists established in different cities remained, to a certain extent, localized, and there was seldom a fair opportunity offered of seeing their work brought together.

In a country where, from the very nature of her political institutions, it would seem almost hopeless to expect from the national government that regularly organized and systematic encouragement and protection which have done so much to foster and promote the arts of France and Bavaria, very much may be accomplished by institutions so generously endowed as that founded by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and they may yet replace, in a large measure, the official patronage customary in other countries. That such a condition of things does not exist here, and that it cannot be looked for in the immediate future, may not be owing to any lack of initiative on the part of the government, but to some quality in the very nature of the race itself. An institution with the weight and authority of the Academy of France, which, suffering as it does from the subtle raillery and ruthless analysis of such antagonists as Daudet, still maintains its prestige, could not long assert its supremacy unquestioned in a country where each reputation is annually at stake, and where every artist or writer is rated according to what he is doing to-day. And yet, in apparent contradiction, no small section of the art-loving public is still conservative in its respect for long-established reputations, especially those which are solidly maintained in the interest of art as a commercial investment. These and other considerations which may give rise to certain difficulties in carrying out the far-sighted provisions of its founder, delicate or diplomatic problems which time and tact and experience alone can solve; but there can be little doubt that directed and carried on by able and intelligent men, who seem to grasp the situation and who are thoroughly in earnest, it will ultimately succeed in fulfilling its mission, and at the same time it is to be hoped that its success may lead to the founding of other institutions on similar lines, or, better still, to the strengthening of those which we already possess.

In the present exhibition nearly one-half of the pictures hung on the walls are by American painters, and, aside from the prestige which still attaches to a work of art produced by an artist of foreign origin, they have now little to fear from outside competition either at this or at other international art tournaments.

Of late years there has been a tendency in Europe to do away with the system of awards altogether, which had its origin chiefly in the initiative taken by the Champs de Mars, in Paris, followed by the action of the new society known as the "secession," of Munich; but at the same time the members of such bodies are seldom known to refuse the crosses or other marks of distinction bestowed upon them by their respective governments, which is in itself a tacit admission that a recompense may have a certain value. There can be little doubt that to students and to rising artists such awards have a greater value when judiciously and sparingly bestowed, particularly when, as at Pittsburg, a sum of money, more or less important, is given with the medal. Another provision which is well calculated to prove an incentive to serious effort, and is also of value in establishing a standard of comparative merit, is that the artist receiving either of the chronological prizes should agree to the following clause: "If the prize herein provided for is awarded to him or her, the trustees shall have an option for sixty days from November 4, 1897, on the picture obtaining the award, at the price given by the artist when the picture was entered for exhibition." Such conditions, while increasing the material value of a recompense, a matter which cannot be overlooked at the present moment, and in no way detracting from its artistic character, throws a greater responsibility on the shoulders of the jury or committee of awards. So long as the exhibition remains international, it is indisputable that the jury should also be international, and while not so large as to be unwieldy, it should always be sufficiently numerous, and so distributed as to represent more or less impartially the leading schools and tendencies of the day; for in this way only can the danger of coteries and of "wheels within wheels" be avoided. When the difficulty of securing a jury of such composition and other minor complications is taken into consideration, it is evident that the action of the trustees has been admirably calculated to secure the desired results. Whatever temporary difficulties may arise in future in carrying on a work so nobly planned, and placed in the hands of men so keenly alive to their responsibilities, it should be remembered that no jury or committee has ever yet been entirely successful in performing their work to the satisfaction of all, and that the officers of the Institute will leave no stone unturned, no experiment untried, in order to discover the best method of fulfilling the object of the trust.

Edwin Lord Weeks.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

"Oh, leese me on my spinning wheel,"
Oh, leese me on its faithful steel:
To far-off spots it lets me roam,
By far-off ways it brings me home.
I'll mount my wheel and go and go
Till far the summer's sun sinks low;
Then when the stars, so old and true,
Have lit their lamps, I'll light mine too.

So it be smooth I care na bye
How lone and long the way doth lie!
By dewy, glistening fields I ride,
And by the gloomy forest side.
Through dusky vales I downward go,
And rise upon the moonlit knowe.
Anon the silent circles glide
By beaches where the wind has died:
Long ways to lovers cannot be
More welcome than they are to me.

Williston Fish.

FROZEN IN ON THE YUKON.

Old prospectors in Alaska always speak of the Yukon River as though it were a living menace to the adventurous miner. They say: "She can't ever be depended upon, and what she does one season is no guide for the next. She may freeze over in August or in November; she may have flood water in September, or all the bars may be so near the surface that the most flat-bottomed boat can't get over them. She is capricious as a woman, cruel as the grave." When you hear a hard-headed, practical man talk in this strain, you think he has been affected by the solitary life and the hardships of the far North. But when you come to study the subject you find that the old miner has not told of half the eccentricities of the greatest river on the western shore of this continent.

When the gold rush set in last July in San Francisco and Seattle, the men who secured passage on the first steamers to sail for St. Michael were regarded as lucky fellows. They paid for passage through to Dawson City, and they were assured of a comfortable journey on flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamers up the great Yukon River to the metropolis of the Klondike. It looked to be little more of a venture than a summer excursion to Alaska. A few veterans shook their heads and said the boats might never get through, but they were regarded as pessimists. In fact, all the expeditions which sailed for St. Michael before August 15 were regarded as sure to reach Dawson. Now we must revise all this. Of a score or more expeditions which left here and Seattle, not one expedition will reach Dawson, and it is doubtful whether more than twenty men will reach that city by way of the Yukon. The failure has been more complete than the gloomiest prophet predicted. The cause was low water, the usual rains in August proving too light to bring the river up to its usual level. While the men who went by the Chilkoot and the Skagway trails suffered great hardships, at least half of those who started got over the passes, and reached Dawson or the various creeks and rivers that empty into the Yukon, and which have become centres of prospecting. So the men who were thought to deserve pity were really the fortunate ones.

It is estimated that 1800 people left San Francisco and Puget Sound ports for St. Michael this summer and fall. More than twenty expeditions were organized, some leaving in unseaworthy boats, and reaching St. Michael only because of the absence of the usual severe storms. One of the worst boats, that should never have been permitted to leave this port, was the old side-wheel river steamer *Mare Island*, which was towed up a part of the way, and then made the rest of the voyage unaided. A severe storm would have sent her to the bottom. The steamers *Havana* and *North Fork* both had narrow escapes from disaster, as they were old boats, with engines in poor working order. The Yukon fleet also included several small river steamers from Seattle and three tugs from San Francisco.

Mayor Wood of Seattle resigned his position, organized a company at San Francisco, and sailed for St. Michael in the old steamer *Humboldt*, carrying small river boats on deck. At Seattle, where the *Humboldt* put in for passengers and freight, Wood was threatened with lynching because of his failure to carry out his agreements. Finally he got away, but after a slow voyage he was again menaced with violence at St. Michael when it was found that his river boats would not carry the people who had paid him for transport to Dawson. He tried to abandon the party, but he was forced to go up the river, as a sort of hostage to fortune. The last heard of him was at Minook Creek, where his boats were frozen in the ice.

It would be a comedy were it not for the tragical feature of death from cold and hunger always looming in the background, this stranding of over a thousand eager, hopeful prospectors all along the Yukon River, from its mouth to Fort Yukon, 1400 miles up stream. A dozen boats never got over the bar of the river, but are frozen fast in Norton Sound, near St. Michael Island.

The steamer *Excelsior*, which sailed from San Francisco July 28, was the first boat to reach the Yukon. She carried a number of newspaper correspondents, mining experts, and prospectors, none of whom were permitted to carry more than 150 pounds of supplies. She made a quick trip, but her passengers were greatly disgusted to find that the *Bella*, the small light-draught steamer with which they hoped to connect at St. Michael, had not appeared. Many, in their eagerness to reach Dawson early, paid extra fare for passage on the Weare Company's steamer *Hamilton*, which made good time up the river, until Rampart City, 1200 miles above St. Michael, was reached. There the river was found to be so low that it was useless to attempt to go further. Some of the passengers were landed, while others were taken back to Minook Creek.

The highest point reached by any of the vessels is Fort Yukon, 1400 miles from St. Michael. There the steamer *Victoria* is frozen in. At Minook Creek—or Rampart City, as it is now known—there are four expeditions stranded, the *May West*, *St. Michael*, *Hettie B.*, and *Seattle No. 1*. The last has Mayor Wood's party, the *Hettie B.* is a San Francisco tug-boat, and the other two are river steamers from Seattle. Rampart City now has about six hundred people, all of whom will fold their tents in the spring and go up to Dawson. They have settled on this point for winter quarters because it is near to Minook Creek diggings, and because a good supply of food has been landed. The pictures on another page give a good idea of the roughness of the new log houses that are going up. Harold Sturges, a young Chicago man, named his cabin "The Rookery." It looked very dark for the settlement at Rampart City about the middle of September, as food was scarce, but a few days later one of the steamers which could not get further up the river discharged her freight, and with a large heap of flour, beans, and bacon the inhabitants rejoiced, for they knew starvation could now be kept off. Rampart City promises to be the liveliest camp on the lower river this winter, and if the Minook mines yield well it will be a permanent place. Prices were not very dear when my informant left, on September 18, as flour was quoted at 10 cents a pound, bacon at 35 cents a pound, and beans at 15 cents. These three necessaries determine the value of others.

Near Rampart City are Minook, Hunter, and Hoosier creeks. All have been prospected in previous seasons and abandoned by the locators for the Klondike, but of course this is no proof that they may not contain good mines. The colony at Rampart City proposes to give all these creeks a thorough prospecting this winter, and it is probable the more adventurous will make an effort to prospect Tanana River, which is about one hundred miles further down the Yukon.

The next point down the river where boats are frozen in is Nulato, 690 miles from St. Michael. Here are the tugs *General Stoneman* and *Esperance* from San Francisco, with about fifty prospectors. They are well supplied with provisions, but their quarters on the boats are so cramped that most of them will build log houses on shore.

About one hundred miles further down the river are the two steamers of the North American Transportation Company, the *Weare* and *Hamilton*. They have only a few people, but a good supply of provisions.

At Andrefski, 250 miles from the mouth of the river, are the steamers *Yukon*, *Bella*, and *Margaret*, all well loaded and well provisioned. When the ice breaks in the spring they have an excellent chance of getting through early, as they are of very light draught.

The most unfortunate of all are the expeditions which fitted out with vessels that, because of deep draught, were unable to get over the bar of the Yukon River. These are the steamers *Mare Island*, *Lakme*, *Healy*, *Dwyer*, *Alice*, and *Merwin*, the steam-schooner *Navarro*, and the schooner *Queen*. These are all frozen in in the small arm of Bering Sea called Norton Sound, just off the mouth of the Yukon. Though the weather may be a trifle milder there than in the interior, the men on these vessels have no other advantage, as they cannot reach civilization, since Bering Sea is frozen over. They have the large supply-post of St. Michael near at hand, so that there is no danger of lack of food.

It is too early yet to estimate the number of disheartened prospectors who will return from St. Michael to escape the long winter in the arctic. Fully one-half of those who started out with high hopes last August and September will come back. Several bitter snow-storms early in September gave them a foretaste of what the winter would bring, and they wisely concluded to wait till spring. To them will be added several hundred men who have come down the Yukon from Dawson and Fortymile and Circle City in small boats. They all bring reports of shortage of provisions and fear of suffering in the Klondike camps this winter. The men who will feel the pinch of starvation the worst are the scattered miners who have waited until the last moment to come into Dawson. They will appear with burros and dogs loaded down with gold-dust, but they will be unable to exchange their treasure for food.

It may seem strange that men who reached within four hundred miles of Dawson by the Yukon route should not have pushed on in canoes or small boats. This was attempted by many, but thus far no report has come down the river of the success of any of these adventurers. Mr. Gillivray, the New York *Herald* correspondent, had reached Circle City at last reports, but he was still 360 miles from Dawson, and the snow was then beginning to fly. The party which has the best chance of reaching Dawson is a small band of prospectors under the lead of N. C. Farnum, of San Francisco, who chartered the little steamer *May West* at Rampart City. They number twenty-eight, and have ample food for the winter. They secured a good pilot, and will make a great effort to get through before the ice closes in.

Men in canoes or small boats have small chance of getting up the river, for the labor is so excessive that not more than ten or fifteen miles can be made in a day. The current is so swift in the middle of the river that neither by poling nor by paddling can the canoe be kept up stream. The only recourse is to skirt the bank and pull the loaded canoe by main force. A stout rope is attached, and the two men walk along the bank, with the line over their shoulders, pulling like beasts of burden. Whenever they cross one of the innumerable small streams that empty into the Yukon they are plunged up to their waists in ice-cold water. Even with rubber boots and rubber clothing it is impossible to keep dry. The labor is very exhausting, and Indians can only be secured for such work by the inducement of double pay.

Take it all in all, even the men who went by the Yukon River will taste of the hardships of life in Alaska before they reach the Klondike. Long before this time the words of warning spoken by the returned gold-miners last summer must have come back to them with redoubled force.

George Hamlin Fitch.

San Francisco.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERMANOS was careful not to betray too much elation at the success of this scheme, and he soon spoke of other things. Prince Demetrius Ypsilantes, whom the Hetairia, or Club of Patriots in North Greece, had chosen to take the place of his treacherous and inefficient brother, was shortly to come to the Peloponnesus. Hitherto the proceedings of the club had been very secret, and its funds intrusted to a few agents such as Nicholas and Germanos; but the rapid success and the still more brilliant promise of war, which, in North Greece as well, had spread like fire, had rendered all further concealment unnecessary, and it came forward now as the author of the liberty of Greece, which had, indeed, through its admirable agents, been due to it, and it was exercising its undoubted right in giving the supreme command to whomsoever it would. Germanos also assured Petrobey and Nicholas that they were both in the highest favor with the club, and that Prince Demetrius was most amicably and warmly inclined to them. He might also tell them that the Prince had no intentions of interfering in the conduct of the war, which he was content to leave in more experienced hands; but he was coming as the head of the Hetairia, which had organized and financed the outbreak of the war, and he was sure, so thought Germanos, to approve of the step they had decided on to appoint a national Senate, and no doubt would take his place at the head of the assembly.

From this convention between the three sprang into being the Peloponnesian Senate, than which no more futile apparatus has ever been made to guide the affairs of a nation. From the first, harmony was impossible between the two parties, and the only result it achieved worth mentioning was that it diverted the time and energies of the military leaders from the work to which every moment should have been directed — the fall of Tripoli. So far from reconciling the divisions among the soldiers, it merely encouraged partisanship, for it was known that the Senate could not agree on any point worth the deliberation. Petrobey was more than once tempted to resign his seat; but to do that was only to throw the balance of power into the hands of the primates; while between Nicholas and Germanos there ripened, as bitter as a Dead Sea apple, an enmity only to be reconciled at a death-bed; for Germanos, so Nicholas considered, and did not scruple to say, had deceived both him and his colleague. He had professed the highest, most altruistic aims; what guided his conduct was the most selfish and personal policy. This, it is to be feared, was partly true, though not entirely, for Germanos had been sincere when he opened to the two his scheme for the glory of the Church, but finding supremacy still dangling, like the fruit of Tantalus, beyond, but seemingly only just beyond, his reach, and stung intolerably at his failure, the personal motive crept in, and before long usurped the place of the other.

Nicholas had hoped great things from the arrival of the Prince, but in this, too, he was doomed to be disappointed. Demetrius was given an enthusiastic welcome by the army, the majority of whom were sickened with this atmosphere of intrigue. Petrobey instantly took his place as his subordinate, but the Prince gave him to understand that it was his wish that the conduct of the siege should continue in the same hands. Germanos, too, welcomed him cordially, with a due recognition of his position, for he hoped to win him over to the side of the Church, and for the time it seemed that some solution of their difficulties was imminent, and, in the hands of a stronger man, no doubt such universally recognized authority would have found some means of reconciliation.

But Prince Demetrius was terribly unfitted for his responsibility. His principles were honorable, but by nature he was weak and undecided. He inclined first to one party, then to another, with no diplomatic yielding which will give an inch to gain a yard, but with the pitiful futility of one who has no knowledge of men and no habit of command. To the soldiers this weakness manifested itself openly, and, unhappily, not erroneously in his personal appearance. He was under middle-height. His manner was sometimes insolent, sometimes timid — an unfortunate demeanor, for he was neither the one nor the other, but only excessively self-conscious and shy. His face was indistinctive, and his voice thin and womanly. All these outward defects corresponded but too well with the inadequacy of his nature. A strong man with not so honorable a heart as he might easily have filled his post better, and the uprightness of his character at a crisis where uprightness was the quality wanted could not make itself felt, but to the army and the council was but the bubbling that came from a man half drowned, when what was wanted was a firm voice and a loud and no drowning cry.

Moreover, he was morbidly sensitive about his own dignity and position, and there was something comically tragical to see that puny frame with bent shoulders sitting amid a company of great strong men, and hear that little croaking voice prating of "My wish" and "My command." On one side of him sat Germanos, courtier-like and full of deference, plying him with his titles as a nurse gives the bottle to the baby, while the Prince, sucking like a child, would be but too well pleased, and pipe: "What you say is very true. It is my wish that the Church should be fully recognized. Yes, quite so, my dear Archbishop; but I think our friend, the gallant commander of this army, of which I, as the commander-in-chief and as the viceroy by the wish of the Hetairia — yes, exactly — has something to say on the subject."

Then Petrobey would lay before the Prince the urgent need of doing one thing before all others. Tripoli must be taken; surely the claims of the two parties could be settled afterwards. That was the work that lay immediate to them. For three weeks now, since the beginning of June, had they waited at Tripoli, and the provisions of the army were already beginning to be exhausted. The herds were being thinned, the lower pasture was drying up in the summer heat. Must not steps be taken here at once? And Prince Demetrius would answer something in this manner:

"What you say is very true, my dear Petrobey, and I quite agree with you that there is no time to be lost. Would not you form a committee and deliberate what is to be done, and then submit your results to me to receive my sanction? You spoke, I remember, about the formation of some cavalry corps, a very wise plan I thought it, and I meant to have some talk with you about it. But really the days have slipped by so. Yes, we must indeed be up and doing; and my orderly has just informed me, gentlemen, that dinner is ready, and I shall be pleased to see you, my dear Archbishop, and you, commander, at my table. Dinner will be served immediately, and our deliberations, gentlemen, in which I think we may say we have made some solid progress, will be adjourned till to-morrow at the usual hour."

Nicholas saw that there was no help here, and he set himself to thwart Germanos with all his power. He considered that the presence of the primate there rendered the army powerless, for it was eaten up with intrigue, slander, and incessant accusation provoking counter-accusation. At the meetings of the Senate he opposed Germanos at every point, whether or no his suggestion were honorable and expedient, and allying himself with any one who would join him in upholding the army against the Church, ranged himself side by side with crooked and unscrupulous men like Poniropoulos and Kolokotrones, mere brigands and adventurers, who, without any motive but their own greed, had got together a band of men, and were in command of a mere disorderly rabble, men whom in his soberer moments he knew were as detestable as in his furious anger against Germanos he thought the primate to be. Every day the meetings of the Senate grew more and more disorderly, and gradually Prince Demétrius saw that he was no more than a cipher in the eyes of these men. Of personal ambition Nicholas had none; honestly and with his whole heart he cared for nothing but the success of the revolution and the extermination of the Turk, and he used his great power and influence solely for this end, being convinced that till the question between the two parties was settled nothing could be done. At any rate, he was free from all stings of conscience; his conduct might be foolish, but he acted from the best motives, and there was enough truth in his allegations against Germanos to give them a sting that was wellnigh unforgivable.

It was already more than half-way through June, and still the army remained inactive. Pretrobey had so far succeeded in rousing the Prince as to permit him to make arrangements for regular supplies being sent to the camp, but there was still no talk of an assault on Tripoli, or, indeed, any preparations for insuring its success. The Senate had met as usual that morning, and the meeting had degenerated into a fierce brawl between Kolokotrones and Nicholas on the one side and Germanos and Charalambes on the other. It was in vain that the Prince tried to restore order; they listened to him no more than to a buzzing fly, when at length Germanos, bitten to the quick by some intolerable taunt of Nicholas's, rose from the table, saying he would take no further part in the deliberations of the Senate.

"There must be an end," he said, "to this. How long ago is it, Nicholas, that you swore allegiance to me?"

"Allegiance in all things in your jurisdiction," replied Nicholas, "and to the glory of God, not to the glory of Germanos."

The heat of his anger did not excuse the words, and the moment afterwards every better thought within him would have had them unsaid, but Kolokotrones, sitting at his elbow, applauded vehemently.

"Silence, you there!" said Germanos, in white anger. "You will hear my voice no more here, but let me tell you you are not rid of me. We will see what the people say to such treatment as that which I have been subjected to."

"Go to the people," shouted Nicholas. "See how the Mainotes receive you."

"The Mainotes," said Germanos — "the Mainotes, whom I hold a degree only above the Turks!"

"My dear Archbishop — my dear Archbishop!" piped the Prince.

"But there are true and loyal men in Greece besides those hounds," continued Germanos, not even hearing the Prince speak.

"Archbishop," said the Prince again, with a certain dignity, "I command you, I order you, to be silent."

Germanos turned round on him, still mad with rage.

"You order! You command!" he said, with infinite scorn, and broke into a sudden, unnatural laugh.

Prince Demetrius flushed; and on all the Senate fell a dead hush. For once the man showed the dignity of birth and breeding, and, standing up, he faced the angry prelate. His nervous, weak manner had left him; he rose to the occasion.

"You will please to take your seat, Archbishop," he said. "I have a few words to say."

Germanos looked around and saw on all sides eager, attentive faces bent not on him, but on the Prince. His anger still burned like fire within him, and he paused not to consider.

"I prefer to leave the room," he said. "I take no further part in these proceedings."

"You choose to disregard my request?" said the Prince; and with that his voice rose sudden and fierce. "I will therefore order. Sit down!" he cried.

Germanos's anger went out as sudden as the electric spark when the current is interrupted, and he realized what he had done. The Prince's favor he had forfeited hopelessly, and, though the Prince was nothing, he had forgotten in the man's insignificance the power he represented. Henceforth he would have to fight without the expectancy of help from there. And feeling his schemes already threatening to totter and fall about his head, in sheer blank bewilderment he sat down.

The Prince stood silent a moment and then spoke.

"I feel," he said, "that all the good I hoped to do, and all the efforts I wished to make for the great cause, are not to be fulfilled. With the exception of the commander of this army, the Senate generally have chosen to disregard my presence here. From Petrobey, however, I have always had courtesy and respect. The party of the Church, in particular, has elected to adopt an insolent demeanor towards me, the like of which I accept from no man. You have seen, gentlemen, how their head has behaved. I regret the decision to which I am compelled to come, a decision which I have long thought was possible, but which has been forced upon me. Gentlemen, I leave the camp to-day. The meeting is adjourned." Then turning to Petrobey, and bowing to the rest, "Come with me," he said; "we will leave this assembly together," and, taking his arm, he left the room.

Half an hour later he left the camp with a small guard, leaving the rest of his retinue to follow as quickly as they could get ready. But the news of his departure, and the reason for it, spread like wildfire through the camp, and the men, who still regarded him, partly because of the marked favor he showed to Petrobey, partly from the prestige of the revolutionary Hetairia which he represented, as their champion, were wildly indignant with the primates. A riot nearly ensued, and had not Petrobey and other commanders, notably Nicholas himself, had them guarded in a place of safety, it is not improbable that some would have been murdered. Germanos, however, who, whatever his faults were, was perfectly fearless, refused all protection, and when one of the Mainotes, passing near him, spit at him, the Archbishop dealt the man a blow which knocked him off his feet, and passed on without hurry or discomposure, though he was in the middle of the clan. But the Mainotes, who were without a particle of reverence for him, but had a deep respect for personal pluck, made no attempt to stop him, though a minute before it was very doubtful whether he would have reached his quarters alive.

All day the feeling in the camp against the primates rose higher and higher, for, from the soldiers' point of view, the Prince was their protector not only against them, but against their own commanders, who, so the primates had told them, rousing suspicion if not belief in their minds, were employed in making private arrangements with the Turks, promising their lives in exchange for their property. No one, it is true, said a word about either Petrobey or Nicholas, for they stood beyond any shadow of suspicion, and for a time the ugly thoughts the primates had suggested were cast aside in the fierce indignation excited by the immediate cause of the withdrawal of the Prince, for which the primates alone were to be thanked. A knot of angry men assembled outside the building where the primates and muskets were stored, demanding that they should be given up to be dealt with as they deserved, and, indeed, such a fate was not unmerited, and it would have saved a world of trouble to Petrobey. For they were responsible for all this doubt and division, they were traitors in the camp, and in time of war a traitor is worse than a regiment of foes. Next day there was no abatement of popular feeling, and in the afternoon the whole body of commanders and captains went to Petrobey, after exacting a promise from their men of quietude in their absence, asking that the Prince might be petitioned to return, for his absence could but end in one thing, the death of all the primates either with the authority of the commanders or, in default of that, by mutiny.

Petrobey readily consented to go in person, for things were at an absolute *impasse*, and without the Prince's co-operation and presence he was really afraid that the worst might happen; and in the name of the entire army, and with the appeals of the primates, he waited upon the Prince at Leondari, a revolted town not far from Megalopolis. The Prince at first hesitated, or seemed to hesitate, but privately he was very much gratified at what seemed so universal a mark of confidence, for, on thinking his action over, it had appeared to him that he would cut but a sorry figure if he returned to the Hetairia saying that the army disregarded his authority and met his commands with insolence, while if he came back his withdrawal assumed the aspect of a most successful piece of diplomacy. Accordingly, at the end of the week, he returned amid the welcoming acclamation of the army, and was pleased to accept — having insisted on the same — the apology of Germanos, which was bitter herbs to that proud man, but to Nicholas sweet as honey in the mouth.

Throughout July, but waning with the moon, continued the reign of that incompetent but honest man Prince Demetrius. His indecision amounted to a disease of the mind; he seemed morally incapable of acting, or, through his pretentious viceregal claim, of letting others act for him — a creature afflicted with acute paralysis of will. Inside the town there were plenty of provisions and no lack of water, and though Achmet Bey saw that escape was impossible, for the weakness of the troops inside would have rendered an attempt to cut through the occupations on the hills quite hopeless, yet he was in no mind to surrender when no attempts were made to induce him to. There were provisions in the camp which would last three months more, for the harvest had been got in before the occupation of Valtetzi, and the ravages of the Greeks had destroyed only the villages and winter crops, and Mehemet Salik remarked one morning that one seemed safer in Tripoli than anywhere else. And the hot month throbbed by, while to the Greeks every day's close saw another day lost.

Early in August news came to the camp that the Turks in Monemvasia had made a proposal for a capitulation, for it will be remembered that a small fleet of vessels from Spetzas were blockading it by sea, in addition to a regiment from South Greece by land, and these tidings gave Prince Demetrius a most ill-conceived idea. The terms of the capitulation were discussed at a meeting of the Sen-

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"HE CLAMBERED UP AND DROPPED DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE."

ate, and caused a very considerable difference of opinion, Nicholas and Petrobey advising that the Turks should be given a passage over to Smyrna or some Asia Minor port, on condition that they surrendered their arms, paid the expenses of the siege (for the soldiers had been serving without pay), and further gave an indemnity of 10,000 Turkish pounds, which should be divided between the fleet, the army, and the national treasury. Germanos and his party opposed this. Monemvasia was notably one of the wealthiest towns in the Peloponnesus, and he proposed that they should only be given their lives on the surrender of their property. Prince Demetrius went to the other extreme: the Hetairia would of course refund the pay of the soldiers, for it was for that very purpose its funds had been raised; to the soldiers was due their pay and nothing more, and if easy terms were granted to Monemvasia the Turks in Tripoli would be more disposed to capitulate. The discussion degenerated into wrangling, but in the middle of it Prince Demetrius suddenly commanded silence. Since the affair with Germanos he had secured the formalities of obedience, and he was listened to in silence.

"I shall go to Monemvasia in person," he said, "to receive and accept the capitulation of the town as commander-in-chief of the army and viceroy appointed by the Supreme Council of the Hetairia. The troops there, so I hear, are out of hand, and the Mainote corps, under their commander, Petrobey, will accompany me. We will continue to discuss the terms of the capitulation, and observe a little more decorum."

But the Senate had experienced his deficiency in power of command too long, and his words were like the words coming from the mouth of a mask when every one knew how insignificant a figure stood behind it. The autocratic tone was ludicrous, and, in this particular case, peculiarly out of place. Petrobey, who, when it was possible, supported the Prince, found himself obliged to oppose, and, with a courtesy he found it hard to assume, answered:

"Your Highness will remember," he said, "that the siege has been going on for three months, and has been entirely the work of the people. The Hetairia has not helped them in any way. It is surely, then, their right to demand their own terms, and the surrender must be made to the captains of the blockading forces, or to whomever they appoint, and to no other."

The Prince flushed angrily.

"Do I understand, then, that I am not the commander-in-chief to the whole army?"

"Your Highness is commander-in-chief over all the army which has been organized or supplied by the Hetairists or their agents. The force that blockades Monemvasia was raised by private enterprise before your appointment by the Hetairia, and during your stay in the Morea you have not either taken the command there or assisted them. The commander of the land force there is a member of this Senate, and no doubt he will obey its resolves."

"Sooner than that of the viceroy?"

"The viceroy also is a member of this Senate," said Petrobey, with some adroitness.

The Prince was silent a moment.

"The Senate will therefore vote as to whether Monemvasia is to be occupied in the name of the Senate or in my name," he said, shortly.

For once there was unanimity between the two parties, and it was decided that Monemvasia was to be occupied in the name of the Senate. The discussion about the terms of the capitulation was then renewed, but as it was felt that the commander of the blockading force had more voice in the matter than any one else, Germanos, with the amiable desire of perhaps thwarting Nicholas, whose proposal had been more moderate than his own, suggested that this point should be settled on the arrival of the Prince there, between himself and the commander, for it was absurd that commanders of a force which was besieging Tripoli should have a voice in the matter. Nicholas, knowing that Petrobey would be there too, and that he had more influence with the Prince than any one, acquiesced with a smile, saying that Germanos's sage reflection applied equally to primates who were not in command of anything.

So for a time the centre of the war, like some slow-moving stream, shifted to Monemvasia, and during the whole of August half the army lay idle on the hills round Tripoli; and with the departure of the Prince the tale of scandalous slander was again taken up by the primates, the result of which was to appear later. Germanos, though he must have known what was going on, held aloof, and did not mix up in the affairs of the camp, though, to his shame be it said, he appears to have made no effort to check the outrageous intrigues.

To Nicholas, however, the month was full of work, and he at once put in hand arrangements for the regular supply of the camp, and was occupied with drilling the men, and under that wise yet severe rule the unorganized troops began slowly to take shape; and his example shamed many of the idle and irresponsible captains into following his lead, though, having little knowledge of military matters themselves, it must be concluded that their men were not able to advance to a high degree of efficiency. Meantime, among the men themselves, the utter inability of the Prince either to check abuses or to enforce discipline had become apparent, and from the time of his departure to Monemvasia his power may be said to have ceased altogether. And when the news of what had taken place at that town came to hand, from being a nonentity he became a laughing-stock.

The nightly raids ceased, for all the cultivated land round Tripoli was already devastated, and neither within the town nor in the camp was any particular vigilance observed. The Turks knew it was hopeless to attack Trikorpha, and the Greeks had no thoughts till the return of Petrobey to attempt to storm the town; and Mitsos, brooding inwardly one night on the rough wall where he and Yanni used often to sit, had an idea which arose from this inaction.

For several weeks after the adventure of the fire-ship he had been quite peaceful in his mind with regard to Suleima, for that escape seemed to him so heaven-sent that, with childlike faith, he had no manner of doubt but that the saints watched over her; and though at times his heart went mourning for her absence, yet he trusted an unreasoning conviction that at the time appointed he would see her again. The strong probability that she was in this beleaguered town did not at first weigh on him at all. Some day, when provisions ran short, it would capitulate, and there would be a repetition of the scene at Kalamata, or they would storm it, and there would be fighting inside. But the women would all be in the houses, and, even if the houses were attacked, she would remember what he had told her, and cry out to them in Greek, saying she was of their blood, and all would be well.

But when the excitement of that skirmish—now nearly two months ago—and the move to Trikorpha, with all the delightful night-raiding, was over, and was succeeded by an inaction sickened by the odious intrigues of the primates, he began to weary sore for her, and then to be filled with panic fears as unfounded as his first security. Safety in a siege! There was no such thing. A chance bullet, an angry Greek, and a repetition of that infernal butchery of women and children on board the ship bound for Egypt. What was more horribly possible? A burning house, a falling wall, and then a mass of pulped bodies.

On this particular night his fears grew like creatures in a hag-ridden nightmare. A hundred terrible scenes loomed enormous before him, and in each Suleima, with white, imploring face, was struck out of life, now by a bullet, now by a sword. Below, in the part of the town nearest him, were five or six big houses built on the wall; there gleamed rows of lights from narrow, barred windows; and from each Suleima's face looked out from a room burning within, while she shook the iron bars with impotent hand as the flames flickered and rose behind her!

The thing became intolerable; he rose and walked about, but found no rest. Thirty yards away the soldiers' huts began, and he could hear sounds of singing from the big shanty-built café a little further on. The sentry had just been on his rounds, and Mitsos exchanged a word or two with him as he passed; he would be back again in half an hour. The wall inside was only six feet high; outside, perhaps ten or twelve, but with plenty of hand-hold for an agile lad; and next moment, almost without thinking where or why, he had clambered up and dropped down on the other side.

Did he not know where he was going? Ah, but his heart told him! Somewhere in that fiery-eyed town, into which entrance was impossible, was she for whom he was made—she with the eyes of night and the history of his soul written on the curves of her lips. And inasmuch as she was there, the rekindled fever of his love drew him near, neither willing nor unwilling, but steel to the magnet, to the star north.

He had taken off his shoes in order to climb over the wall with more ease and less noise, and went down over the basalt rocks, all ashine with dew, barefooted. The moon had strayed westward beyond the zenith, casting his shadow a little in front of him, and round its head as he walked moved an opaline halo. Then he crossed the mountain stream, and stood in it for a moment, for the coldness of the moon and the eternal youth of night had entered into its waters, making them vigorous and bracing. A little wind drawing down its course was full of the scent of water and green things, and streamed downwards to renovate the hot air of the plain. Then on again through a little belt of vineyard, still close to the camp and not destroyed, where the stream talked less noisily in the soft earth, with a whiff from the ripening bunches, and a scuttle of some disturbed hare come down to feed on the leaves. Then he crossed the stream again, which lay in an elbow southwards, pushing through a clump of oleanders, which rose above his head, and out into the plain. The earth was warm underfoot after the cold rocks, and he ran plunging across it, till, getting within a stone's-throw of the wall, he crept more slowly, and finally lay down in the shadow of a felled olive-tree, and looked to see if there was aught stirring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW CAPITOL.

The commission appointed by act of Legislature to select a plan for a new Capitol invited architects in any part of the country to submit designs. The commission then appointed a number of architects to act as a board of experts to aid them in selecting a plan. Many excellent designs were submitted, and the board of experts finally made a selection, which, however, the commission would not accept, on the ground that the building, according to the design selected, could not be made sufficiently complete for the use of the General Assembly for $500,000, the amount appropriated by the last General Assembly. Instead, they accepted the plans submitted by Mr. H. I. Cobb. The central or main part, for the use of the Legislature, can be erected in one year for the amount of the appropriation. To complete the scheme an additional $1,000.000 will be required, which it is anticipated will be voted by the next Legislature. The architect expects to finish his working-plans in five weeks, after which two weeks will be allowed to contractors to bid on the construction, and work will be commenced in January, 1898.

It will be built on the site of the old Capitol, crowning a high hill, the slopes of which are covered with noble trees. The material suggested for the exterior is Pennsylvania granite, with a frame-work of steel and iron, and the interior walls, partitions, and floors of brick and hollow tile. The interior is to be finished in marble, stucco, and hard-woods.

THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA STATE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.—Henry Ives Cobb, Architect.

MUSIC.

An important addition to the serial concerts of the winter comes in the way of the re-entrance into concert-giving of the ancient and honorable house of Chickering & Sons. In their local hall will be offered two orchestral evenings and four afternoon ones, under Mr. Anton Seidl's direction. The dates of the matinées—just begun—are November 9, December 7, January 4, and February 1, and the evening concerts are set for March 1 and April 5. The programmes will be of a classic and popular adjustment. Soloists announced are Mr. Richard Hoffman, Mr. Franz Rummel, and Mr. Xaver Scharwenka.

The editor of this department of Harper's Weekly has received the bound volume of the programmes of the Chicago Orchestra for last season's twenty-two concerts, between October, 1896, and May in 1897. The excellent analyses of the more unfamiliar or important compositions are from Mr. Arthur Mees. A complete and certainly an interesting table of the complete selection of music performed by Mr. Thomas's band since the orchestra's work was inaugurated is added, and a list of the soloists that have taken part. With regard to last season's music, which amounts to an admirably broad representation, as a whole, it may be noted by a New York concert-goer that a considerable number of works have been brought forward in Chicago which, though not necessarily new at all, are yet to be publicly played for the first time in this city. A partial assortment only includes Gilson's "Fanfare Inaugurale"; Balakiref's "Thamar," a symphonic poem; Glazounof's "Cortége Solennel"; Guilmant's "Adoration and Allegro," for organ and orchestra; Camille Saint-Saëns's great organ Fantasia, Opus 101; Berlioz's "Corsair" overture; Dvorshák's "Golden Spinning-wheel," symphonic poem; Chadwick's Third Symphony; Bruckner's "Romantic Symphony"; Smetana's "Moldau," symphonic poem; Grieg's "Olaf Trygvason" music; Duparc's "Lenore"; and that terrible "poem" "Thus spake Zarathustra," of Richard Strauss.

Supplementary to his special course of lectures on "The Chamber Music of Beethoven and of other Modern Masters," to be delivered by Professor John K. Paine before his students in Harvard College, an arrangement has been made with the Kneisel Quartet, of Boston, for ten chamber-music evenings in the Sanders Theatre. The prospectus, as sent out by Mr. F. R. Comee, of the class of '75, who has the practical arrangements in his care, is one of extraordinary richness in the repertory of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert, with a modern complement of carefully representative choice. The series will be open to an outside subscription in Cambridge and Boston.

The Pittsburg Orchestra, under the auspices of the Art Society of the city, and installed in the superb concert hall given by Mr. Carnegie, enters on its third year with this autumn. Mr. Frederic Archer, the conductor of the orchestra, has made changes in the band likely to improve its *ensemble* work, including the engagement, as concert-master, of Mr. Frederic Völker. The prospectus of the afternoon and evening concerts is a varied and peculiarly modern and progressive one, ranging from Mozart and Beethoven up to Cui, Dvorshák, Dupont, Rauchenecker, Silas—whose Symphony in A will thus be given for the first time in this country—Tinel, and Foote. Perhaps it is a list a bit too progressive and up to date, inasmuch as, so far, neither Bach, Haydn, Gluck, Brahms, Schubert, nor Schumann is to be foreseen by it. The Art Society of Pittsburg, whose work is a broad and judicious one in letters and the fine arts in general, has attained its twenty-fifth year of organization.

At the Odéon in Paris last spring the performance of Racine's *Athalie*, with all of Mendelssohn's music, was such a popular success that the director of the important national theatre in question purposes several repetitions of the classic Biblical masterpiece during the coming winter. Mendelssohn's score has naturally received only concert-recognition in New York, long and intimately as it has become known to Americans; nor is it likely to be heard under its dramatic conditions, that greatly enhance it, until a local French Theatre is an established fact. The Symphony Society here has just opened its season's work with a memorial concert to Mendelssohn, who died in November, 1847.

UNION PACIFIC
FREIGHT DEPOT.

AUCTION-SALE OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER 1, 1897.—[See Page 1148.]

The People's Singing Classes, organized and directed by Mr. Frank Damrosch and a group of assistants in 1892, now among the most successful and interesting of our local choral interests, has begun this autumn its sixth season, with eight separate corps, in various neighborhoods of the city, and with a larger attendance than ever before in the history of the work. The combined choirs of these classes last spring gave an astonishingly firm and symmetrical exhibition of their material and training when the *Messiah* was sung as it seldom has been sung in New York. It was of this people's choir that a writer in a New York journal lately said: "It is not of the rich; many, many of its singers are, pathetically, of the very poor. See its ranks. Note countenances and clothes. Hear the members talk during a recess. Nobody is too well dressed; in winter sometimes many women and men are not too warmly dressed. There are rough hands and hard-working bodies and work-sobered faces. It means the East Side and the West Side, that works all week, singing of a Sunday afternoon. It means the practical nurture of art among the masses of the city's people, as from not one of the conservatories and such like institutions of all the town, not all the ordinary and luxurious musical machinery running between our October and June."

The National Conservatory of Music of America announces a series of four orchestral concerts to be given at the Madison Square Concert Hall during the months of January, February, March, and April, 1898. They are to be under the conductorship of Mr. Gustave Hinrichs, the orchestra being composed of pupils recruited from the orchestral classes of the institution and their teachers. Soloists will be selected from the faculty and pupils. These concerts are to be given under the auspices of the subscribers to the Permanent Orchestral Fund of the National Conservatory, and therefore will be free. The dates will be announced later.

Verdi's eighty-fourth birthday has been the signal for an almost national demonstration all over Italy, and, as to that matter, for a complimentary notice from nearly each musical corner of Europe. Scarcely a composer of note failed to write or telegraph to Verdi or of him. The congratulations from artists came by dozens, from Australia, India, and Liberia, as well as from America and Europe. Meantime Verdi says modestly, "I have done my best, but I cannot do what Mozart did." And in one splendid reference he exhorts all music-students towards more Palestrina and Bach.

A new Shakespearian opera on *The Taming of the Shrew*, entitled *La Mégère Apprivoisée*, the adaptation of the play being by Emile Deshays and the music by Frédéric Le Rey, was lately brought out in Paris as a forerunner of the music season, though not at the Opéra. The Porte St.-Martin's autumn venture into a musical repertory included it. The success was but moderate. It is curious to note that out of a dozen notices by eminent Parisian critics, not one seemed to have any acquaintance with the masterpiece on the same subject by the late Hermann Goetz, though numerous other lyric treatments of the play were noted. Goetz's opera was sung in New York at the time of the American Opera Company, as an experiment, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. A more recent novelty has been a four-act score, *Le Spahi*, drawn from Loti's story, composed by Lucien Lambert, a young and important man in French music. It is described as excelling in its instrumentation.

The European tour of the King of Siam has elicited the fact that there is a Siamese national air, not to say anthem. A great scrambling for its score, under various arrangements, began among the Continental and British band-masters and orchestra-leaders in general, as soon as the King and his suite were fairly on their travels. One band-master informed the writer of this note that he was obliged to copy the parts for his men in great haste from a scrawled French manuscript, and that when the air was played, without rehearsal, "it sounded queerer than it looked"—so much queerer that he was somewhat taken aback at its Oriental intervals, although the King and his suite showed no signs of dismay. He discovered presently that he had confused two or three measures and given their contents to the wrong wind-instruments! The air was written by a wandering Italian musician, unwillingly a visitor to Bangkok many years ago, who took a good native tune as the basis of his melody.

Camille Saint-Saëns has written a formal denial to the French press as to the report that he is writing a new opera. "No misfortune of that sort is to be apprehended," he says in his letter. He is occupied with an edition of Rameau's complete works, including several unpublished scores. After superintending at Lyons a production of his *Ascanio*, M. Saint-Saëns will pass the winter in his usual hermitage nowadays, the isles "off" which the sentimental gentleman of the popular college-song smoked his last cigar.

The death of Henri Meilhac, dramatist and librettist, author of the text of the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, *Vie Parisienne*, *Blue-beard*, *Belle Hélène*, *La Périchole*, and so many more of Offenbach's masterpieces in opera-bouffe, elicited from the veteran Francisque Sarcey one of those spontaneous, sincere, and straightforward tributes, with the note of personal feeling in it, which the dean of French stage critics seems to pay more and more frequently in these later years of his feuilletons. In M. Sarcey's judgment, Meilhac felt that his brilliant success as Offenbach's libretto-maker impaired his recognition as a playwright in such dramas as his *Frou-Frou*, and as the creator of certain types that he more or less individualized on the Parisian stage. M. Sarcey justly characterizes the best Meilhac libretti as little works of genius in their wit, their grouping of personages, their truth to nature and to caricature, and that decency of actual diction which makes tolerable all sorts of situations in themselves more than equivocal.

The week past has offered a succession of concerts that indicate of what good musical stuff the season will grow. Of the soloists at them who are new-comers a further opportunity to speak will be a fairer compliment. Madame Dyna Beumer, a highly accomplished florid soprano, Mr. Paolo Gallico, a pianist of the Lisztian school, at least in his virile audacity, and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, a French barytone with a particularly pleasing voice and style—all were heard in the Astoria ball-room on Tuesday evening. Mr. Richard Hoffman's exquisite pianism of the old school graced the first of the Chickering Hall series of matinée concerts above mentioned. The Boston Symphony's opening concert presented Mr. Rafael Joseffy, second to no living artist at the piano, and with few equals. The Philharmonics offered Mr. Ysaye, a violinist whose individuality with this venture is as strong as of old. There will be many such weeks to come, and fortunately many even as interesting.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THAT the National Horse Show Association's annual exhibition is a great social function no person who has participated therein, either as providing a part of the spectacle or as one of those who went to see the show, can ever be in doubt.

Indeed, its cosmopolitan character in this respect grows each year. One has but to read the list of those who buy the boxes, where they may see and be seen, to feel assured that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, as well as the cities of the West, contribute to the social features of the great gathering, which thus justifies, upon this side, the name of the National Horse Show.

Whether, as an exhibition of horses and their accompanying paraphernalia of harness and carriages, it is a national show, or a New York show wherein the influence of European fashions and ideas is pre-eminent—perhaps because nearer to their source than any other of our great American cities—is certainly a subject open to debate.

It is quite possible to take the narrower view, and still not to criticise the Madison Square Show unkindly. The day when the New York Horse Show was easily first is somewhat behind us. Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland, all have great gatherings of the same kind, besides the many smaller shows in the open air; and the greatest of all ever held in this country was probably the Chicago exhibition just brought to so successful a consummation under the able management of Mr. John A. Logan, Jr.

In some of these, features have been introduced that the managers of the New York show must copy if they would not fall behind the others, and would maintain their right to be known as a national association.

To do this they should increase the number of their classes, so covering ground recognized as of interest by others.

It is a source of satisfaction, in looking over the prize-list before the show, to see that they have followed Boston in making classes for polo ponies. The polo and riding pony classes are recognized by all the great British shows, thanks to the establishment of the Polo Pony Stud-Book, whose sponsors count among their number nearly all the most prominent names socially, and of world-wide reputation for horse knowledge, in the tight little island.

The judging of these intelligent and highly bred little horses in the ring will certainly be one of the most interesting spectacles of the whole show.

It would seem, however, as though a mistake was made in demanding that entry to the polo-pony classes should be subject to the requirement "must have been used for polo with some recognized polo club." Polo is an expensive game to play, and can only be indulged in by our wealthy leisure class. But supposing some young man, or some breeder who wishes to supply the demand for polo ponies, takes the pains thoroughly to educate a good pony, so adding greatly to his values, shall he not be permitted to show the result of his labors and skill in breeding and training, because, forsooth, he cannot afford to join a polo club, or is not near enough to any if he could afford the expense? Surely this is a hardship, and is short-sighted on the part of polo-players, if they are responsible for the rule, since they need a continuous supply of good ponies, and should encourage any one who is trying to furnish it. If they are afraid outsiders will carry off the prizes, they acknowledge their own weakness. Certainly an experienced pony should win over a green one, and in this should be all needed protection.

It would seem, then, that these should be open classes, that ponies should be shown with mallet and ball, be asked to start, turn, stop, change feet at a gallop—all to be done with mallet in right hand of rider, pony guided and controlled entirely with the left hand and legs. Make the conditions in the ring such as would try out the class, but let any one in who thinks he can win.

Another matter in regard to polo ponies. The limit of height in this country is 14.1. In England it is 14.2. Lately the game has developed so that great speed is a most important factor, and the competition for animals with speed enough to win games has caused men to ride horses above the limits set by the rules. All are guilty of the same fault, so no one complains of another, nor demands that his neighbor's mount conform to the rules. This violation of rule became so flagrant in England a couple of years ago that the Hurlingham Club, as representing all the polo clubs of England, got a new rule passed that all agreed to. Under this regulation every pony playing in England must be measured by officials appointed to do this work, and receive a certificate showing his registration as an eligible before he can play in any match. The only exception to this is that ponies that played in championship matches previous to July, 1896, may get certificates without being measured. Every new-comer since that time must get a life certificate if five years old, a certificate good for one year if below that age. No person interested in the pony can be present when the pony is measured, and the rules governing the measurement are carefully complied with by the official detailed to that duty. This matter is here mentioned because ponies above 14.1 are shown in this class, and no competitor should be expected to make himself obnoxious to his fellows by demanding that the other man's pony be measured.

In every class where a limit of height is set, every horse should be measured by judges or other competent person *before he comes into the ring*. In the case of polo ponies the English rule should be observed, each bringing a certificate if the Polo Association have measured him, or else he should be measured by the horse-show officials before being admitted to the ring.

In the pony-breeding classes, also, stallions kept for producing saddle-ponies should not be put in competition with those intended to get harness-ponies. This class is shown "in hand"—*i. e.*, led by a groom. The harness-pony stallions, with their harness holding them in perfect form, their heavy shoes, and their training to trot with the greatest amount of display possible, yet not to break, produce a spectacle that catches the public and influences the judges. With an animal intended for saddle purposes this high knee and hock action is very undesirable. Every authority in England cries against it; the Hills (father and son, most influential in the Polo Pony Stud-Book Society), Miller, and Dale ("Stoneclink"), whose books are the last utterances on the game of polo and saddle-ponies—all are on record advising, "Avoid hackney blood in a saddle-pony," because hackney blood makes high action certain. So it is quite improper to ask judges to choose between a high-acting pony and one bred for quite a different purpose, and equally good, in one class.

To go back to the matter of additional classes. It seems a great pity that the public cannot see any more at Madison Square Garden the "gaited" saddle-horse, cultivated by the National Saddle-Horse Association.

General Castleman has shown some of these in former years, as have others. Certainly those who remember Emily, Lou Chief, and some of the others that have represented the class, and more especially those who have attended the Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago shows of this year, regret that they cannot see some of the magnificent horses shown in those cities. No Arab can be more beautiful than they, and their high breeding ensures their endurance. No finer cavalry mounts than they could be imagined, their smooth gaits making them especially desirable because of their saving fatigue to the rider, and permitting free use of a trooper's arms and hands. Besides all else, this is a typical American horse, one of the few found in no other country, and certainly an animal of whom we need not be ashamed. For park-riding, a square "walk, trot, and canter" horse is preferred by most riders in the East. Still the Kentucky and Tennessee saddle-horse has his place, and should be shown. Nearly all our saddle-horses are docked and otherwise trimmed. They look better that way. A man who would dock a horse that can carry his tail after the fashion of the animals under discussion should be put in prison. It is well to let the public see beauty of this kind as well as that which conforms entirely to foreign types and fashions.

Another class that has once or twice been on the prize-list is the old-fashioned Morgan. Because sometimes these classes did not fill well is no good reason for leaving them off the list. The association always has ample protection for itself in the rule applied to all other classes —that too few candidates for honors in any class, or the quality not being up to standard, awards of prizes may be withheld. The Morgan is assuredly the best all-around horse we ever had in this country. The craze for extreme speed for a mile caused these beautiful and hardy horses to be nearly swamped in the cold blood of the long-gaited, big-headed, slab-sided Hambletonian, so that it seemed at one time that the breed of Morgan horses must almost be extinct.

There were some few, however, who plainly said "they would not bow down to the [new] idol." These saved a remnant of the old blood pure; this has been carefully nursed, and to-day there are very live and healthy organizations devoted to the interests of the Morgan horse. Mr. Joseph Battell, of Vermont, is high-priest of the cult, and there are Morgan horse associations in two or three of the Western States. It is certain that worthy representatives of the best Morgan blood, through Woodbury, the Green Mountain Morgan, and other notable animals of fifty years ago, could be shown, some would have been this year had there been any class, descendants from the Peters Morgan, also Lamberts, strengthened on the dam's side, and taking their Lambert blood through re-enforced Morgan lines in Aristos, Abraham, St. Julian, Lambert Chief, or scions of the Highland Grey line, one of the best sons of that gallant old horse now standing on Long Island.

When, in the high-stepping classes at the Garden, you see some horse of unknown breeding, make up your mind that he has the old Morgan blood in him, or that of the kindred family of Henry Clay. If men would but cultivate and preserve these old American types, we need not go to England to get action from the hackney, and would avoid the bull necks and heavy heads that generally go with hackney blood. Indeed, the best hackneys in the whole English stud-book are those who got their trotting quality from the old Morgan horse Shepard F. Knapp, who went to England thirty years ago.

Right here is where the English are very strong. They are the most scientific breeders in the world. They see a good thing, and know it when they see it. They make up their minds what type of animal they wish to produce, and never allow their attention to be diverted from their objective point, carefully eliminating every antagonistic influence, and concentrating, by careful selection, those that they find forwarding their interests. They made certain that Shepard F. Knapp was what they wanted before they used him; the ordinary long-striding trotting-horse does not interest them.

The old controversy whether there should be one or more judges to each class need not be gone over at this time. It would seem, though, that if the right man were obtained, one would be better than three; then the public would know where to place the responsibility for mistaken judgments, and know whom to ask for his reasons for certain decisions. Certainly when an English expert was brought over in 1894 to judge the hackney classes they never were judged so well, nor was there so good judgment of any other classes in that show. As an instance of his intelligence, his decision in one class, yearling stallions, was questioned. The most showy colt was placed third; two others, whose conformation was no better and action not so good, were given first and second. When asked for his reason he gave it very frankly. "Why," said he, "this is a class for young stallions. It is undoubtedly the intention of their owners to keep them for breeding. The colt I gave first is a handsome chestnut, the second is a rich brown, the third is a roan. He will get roan colts in the stud, and the market-price of whole-colored horses is, and always will be, higher than broken colors." Here was a good reason. Could a town-meeting discussion of the merits of the class have reached a better decision? Would there not have been a chance that two men who did not know would outvote one who did?

One matter that might be changed, however, is important. If a man is judge one year, he should be ineligible for the two years next following, and the same men should not be allowed to judge more than one of the big shows in one year.

A man is judge—we will suppose—at Chicago; the next week follows the Cleveland show; the week after that comes New York. The same horses are apt to be shown, at least some of the same—in all three. There are professional show horses as well as professional riders and professional drivers. They go from one show to another, for what can be added to the funds of owners. If a horse is given first at Chicago, is he not very apt to get the same at Cleveland and New York, competing with practically the same horses in his class, and judged by the same judge? Or if two or three horses that have "been in the business" long enough to know how to please judges one year, is it not quite certain that when the same judges meet the same horses next year, they will have an advantage of being old friends? Will not the old winner have to "go off" in condition terribly, or meet a phenomenon in the class, for a judge to fail of seeing the same perfection a second or third time that he saw at first?

This matter of professional show horses is one needing attention outside of that indicated, of changing judges every year. It discourages people, who have really good horses that they would enter, to know that they must go up against a lot of horses that do nothing else but pass from show to show, hunting prizes and purses. With each public appearance the professional show horses gain experience, get used to the sights, their drivers or riders study idiosyncrasies of judges before whom they have passed in review, are known to the judges. No fault can be found with this as adding interest and instruction to the horse-show public. Nothing should be done that will prevent their being shown.

But—*they should be shown together*. In dog shows, after any animal has won first prize at two or three of the more important bench shows, he must go into a "championship" class. He can no longer compete in open classes. So, in justice to the men who spend time and money for which they get no return, the men who keep trying but get no prizes—really the men who make horse shows—no horse that has won more than two blue ribbons should be allowed in an open class. He should be shown for what he is, as a "champion," among and in competition with other champions. It is all very well for owners of old winners to hang a bouquet of ribbons his horses have won, in a glass case on velvet background, near his stalls at the horse show. It does not, however, induce others to enter new horses. The practice is a gratification of laudable pride on the part of the professional exhibitor. It also stamps him a professional, and takes off the fine amateur flavor which some people consider the most valuable adjunct of success in lines outside their means of livelihood. It makes the difference between the professional jockey and the gentleman rider, nor is it snobbishness for a man to prefer to be in the second class rather than the first, any more than for him to prefer to be an amateur oarsman rather than a professional sculler.

SPENCER BORDEN.

THE CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.

HANDICAPPED by the records of previous Chicago horse shows, which failed to meet their obligations for premiums, having less than six weeks in which to arrange and prepare for such a gigantic enterprise, those in charge of the recent show may congratulate themselves upon having held one of the greatest exhibitions of the kind this country has ever known. Not only in the number of and class of its entries, but also in its daily attendance, the perfection of the arrangements, the size of its ring, and other essentials, the show has never been surpassed in America.

Before proceeding to the exhibition itself, a few words as to its origin may not be out of place, and that now-famous body, the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, should receive its just measure of praise. When the idea of holding a horse show in 1897 was first broached, there were few in Chicago of sufficient faith to believe that such a gigantic scheme could be carried through successfully, as all previous horse shows had been financial as well as sporting failures. At this juncture the Illinois State Board was appealed to, came to the rescue, and assumed the financial responsibility of the undertaking. But here ended the real usefulness of this body; for having appointed a capable manager in the person of Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., its every effort thereafter should have been to assist him in making the show a success, whereas, through a short-sighted and narrow-minded policy of economy, much was done by it, preceding the show and during the first days, that was detrimental to its best interests. The board showed itself unwilling to co-operate with the manager of the show until a crisis was reached which threatened to end the show most ingloriously. Then Manager Logan rose to the occasion, and forced the board to reinstate him as manager in fact as well as in name, and to apologize to the exhibitors, judges, and officials. His judgment and his arbitrary action were vindicated by the enormous attendance and enthusiasm of the public, as well as the approval of the press, exhibitors, and judges.

The Chicago Horse Show embraced many features that a similar exhibition in the East does not—a fat-stock show and a fruit show. Two troops of United States cavalry gave daily interesting and exciting exhibitions of rough-riding, and the Marine Band was present by order of the Secretary of the Navy.

As a social function, the horse show has not yet assumed in Chicago the position and dignity it has held in New York for several years. Many of the most prominent people in Chicago society bought boxes and were present each evening, but the visiting between boxes and the display of gowns were not as noticeable as they are in the East.

A novel and popular annex was the Bit and Spur Club, where ladies and gentlemen assembled in the evening to discuss over supper the events of the day. An argument between one of Chicago's most prominent society and coaching men, and a well-known expert from New York, known as the "Father of Tandems" in this country, upon that most important and serious question whether a basket for umbrellas should be carried on a park drag, was prolonged for two days and two nights without reaching any conclusion. The Chicagoan contended that a basket was a necessity, alleging that even in New York fine weather did not always prevail; but the New-Yorker firmly held to his tenets, claiming that no gentleman would ask ladies to drive upon a park drag if the weather conditions were threatening.

The exhibits, numbering 1200 in all, divided into 267 classes, have never been surpassed, as a whole, in this country, and only by judging several classes at the same time was each day's programme completed. While the breeders and owners of trotters, the typical American horse, were not represented as largely as one would have expected, the show was a triumph for the trotter from first to last. Not that the trotting classes were so remarkable, or that the trotters entered as such carried off many of the greatest honors of the show, but by reason of the fact that the harness-horse classes were composed almost exclusively of animals bred in trotting lines. Not only in the high-stepping classes, but even in the pony classes trotting blood was to the front. Mr. Arthur J. Caton's Caid 2.11 was *facile princeps* among the trotters, proving himself a grand show horse as well as a race-horse of the best type.

The hackney exhibit, while not remarkably large, contained high-class representatives from the most famous studs. Royal Standard, a stallion that has been champion of Canada for the two past seasons, Langton Performer, and Lady Sutton were deserved prize-winners in their classes. Cadet, Mr. A. J. Cassatt's great hackney, was also a blue-ribbon winner through his get. Nearly all the honors in the classes for horses in harness were divided between New York and Chicago. Dr. George S. Gagnon, of the former city, and M. H. Tichenor & Co., of the latter, captured sixteen and six blue ribbons, respectively, which fairly represented the proportion of prizes won by Eastern and Western exhibitors. A curious fact in connection with Dr. Gagnon's and the Tichenor stables is that every horse in each is trotting-bred.

The prize-winning tandems Challenger and Chancellor are bred in the stoutest trotting lines. These two, with Larkspur and Howard, won the four-in-hand prize to coach, whereupon a prominent New-Yorker offered $7500 for the four, which was declined. Challenger also won the $1000 championship in the harness class, mare or gelding, any age or length.

Strange to say, as Chicago is so far distant from all hunting centres, the hunter classes were among the best at the show. Stranger still, many former prize-winners were defeated by comparative new-comers, Mr. C. Randolph Snowden's Richmond, Messrs. B. F. and T. Clyde's Kathleen, and Mr. P. F. Collier's Irish Gray Friar being among the most successful.

Next to the hunters, the gaited saddle-horses attracted most attention, and in these classes General John B. Castleman, of Lexington, Kentucky, and his charming daughters, deservedly captured the majority of the blue ribbons.

The exhibition of the brightest lights of the light-harness world—Star Pointer, 1.59¼, the first pacer to break the two-minute limit; Joe Patchen, 2.01¼; Elloree, 2.09¼; and Caid, 2.11—was greatly appreciated by the public. Wee Wee, the smallest horse in the world, who, though perfectly formed and a four-year-old, weighs only forty-six pounds, was a popular favorite. Another strong point was the show of draught-horses, in which the general public interested themselves but little, though the exhibit was the finest ever seen in this country.

One of the strongest and best features of the show was the evident desire of the management to add strength to the amateur classes, and to encourage them in every way possible. If this policy is continued, as it will be, most undoubtedly, the Chicago horse show will become the national horse show of the country, as all the Eastern shows cater too much to the professional element.

A permanent organization having already been completed, supported by the wealthiest and most influential citizens, pledged to the encouragement of the amateur as against the professional, the Chicago Horse Show of 1898 should be the greatest in the history of the country.

H. A. BUCK.

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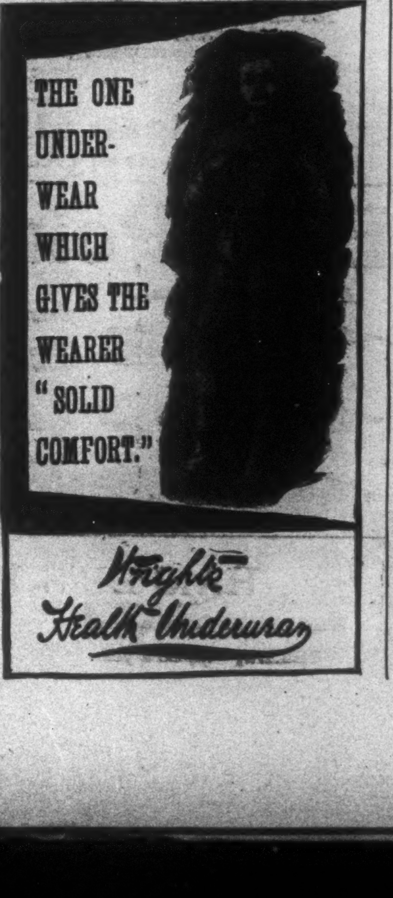

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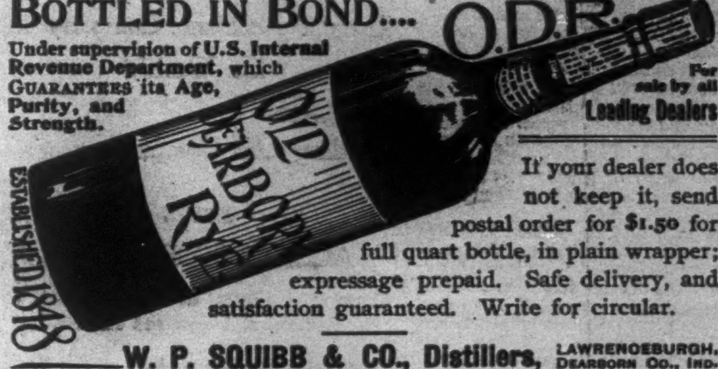

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INEBRIETY—A DISEASE.

Physicians who have given the subject careful thought, and psychologists who are now studying mind as the product of a tangible something called the brain, and not as a thing disembodied and apart, as did the old metaphysicians, are firmly of the opinion that many of the habits known as "vices," have their origin in diseased functions or structures of the nervous system.

The study of nervous pathology has now so far advanced that, in the minds of thinking men, alcoholism, like insanity, is believed to depend on a diseased condition of the nervous system. Inebriety produces an acute insanity that may become chronic by a frequent repetition of its exciting cause. The record of drunkenness is as old as the flood, and from the days of Noah and Lot to the present time the heaviest curse mankind staggers under is this disease of inebriety.

The bad consequences of fermented wine have been coeval with its discovery. In those ungenial lands where the vine did not grow other products served as substitutes.

The Northern races, in their barbaric days, drank heavy beers, and the pleasure of beer drinking became the inspiring theme for their poetry, as wine inspired the Southern Anacreon and Hafiz. In the drowsy lands of the vine and olive, inebriety took the form of occasional habit; among the Northern Europeans it had taken on the garb of disease when history first records their doings; and, back of that, their own traditions are full of heroes distinguished for their capacity for drink quite as much as for their valor in battle.

In the land of cold winters drunkenness flourishes. This can be verified by contrasting Glasgow and Lisbon, Moscow and Rome, Dublin and Naples, Edinburgh and Athens. A Southern Frenchman will treat his friend to sweetened water or lemonade, while the Englishman, looking on with contempt, orders a brandy-and-soda.

Drinking men may be divided into two classes: The every-day or habitual drunkard and the periodical drunkard, or dipsomaniac; but whether the disease manifests itself in habitual or periodical excesses is of no consequence, for it is now definitely ascertained that the underlying cause is the same in either case, and the results, in both cases, disastrous both to the inebriate and those near to him. Men of undoubted courage and bravery, of high honor and honesty and principle, controlled by an alcoholic impelling power that is irresistible, are sure to be under its influence most at the very times when it is of the greatest importance that they should have their minds clear.

The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions, however sacred their circumstances. The will-power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

What is to be done? Evidently nothing can restore this man to the full enjoyment of life while disease holds him in its grip. What, then, but cure the disease. "Can it be done?" you ask. Fortunately that very thing can be done — the diseased nerve cells restored to health, and the appetite for alcoholic stimulant completely destroyed.

The treatment is the discovery of Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL.D., and is the first and only scientific method ever offered to the world for curing diseases of the nervous system produced by stimulants or narcotics for their factors. The medical profession, up to the time of Dr. Keeley's discovery, prescribed the strait-jacket and padded cell for the unfortunate victim; the courts passed judgment of fine or imprisonment; while the Church advised, remonstrated, disciplined, and finally expelled the alleged offender; all these means and instrumentalities accomplishing little or nothing in the direction of suppressing the so called "vice."

Dr. Keeley, having definitely ascertained the nature and location of the disease, brought all his scholarship, scientific skill, and medical knowledge to bear upon the discovery of a cure that would be an absolute specific for all diseases of the nervous system having stimulants or narcotics for their factors, and, after eighteen years of patient investigation, he announced to the world his wonderful discovery of a Reconstructive Nerve Tonic, having the Double Chloride of Gold and Sodium for its basis, which will in every case, without exception, *forever* relieve the nervous system of the acquired necessity for Alcohol, Opium, Morphine, or any other stimulant or narcotic.

The Keeley treatment is not a "sobering up" process. It recognizes a strong line of demarcation between the outward manifestation and the internal disease producing that manifestation. Its object is to cure the disease by removing the cause. Therefore, the patient is permitted, while under treatment, to indulge his appetite until the diseased condition of the nervous system producing the craving or appetite is cured, when he will drop the stimulant of his own free will, as he no longer needs it or cares for it.

In the United States to-day over 390,000 men and women rejoice over being permanently cured of the disease of inebriety through the Keeley treatment. Many of these are members of the first families of our land—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, bankers, merchants, farmers, etc.—recruited from all ranks.

The treatment, as administered only by specially instructed physicians in the various Keeley institutes, is mild, and free from all injurious effects. Its results are manifest in an improved appetite and general activity of the alimentary and digestive organs. By its wonderful reconstructive properties it removes absolutely the necessity for stimulants, and leaves the patient in a normal and healthy condition to the extent that he has neither craving, desire, or necessity for stimulants. He is cured without bodily suffering or injury. Gradually the countenance resumes its natural appearance; the appetite increases; sweet, restful sleep ensues; and at the end of the course of treatment he is a new man, mentally, morally, and physically.

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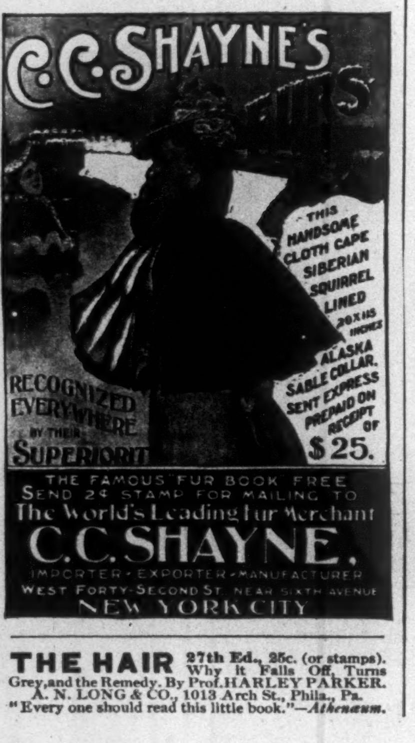

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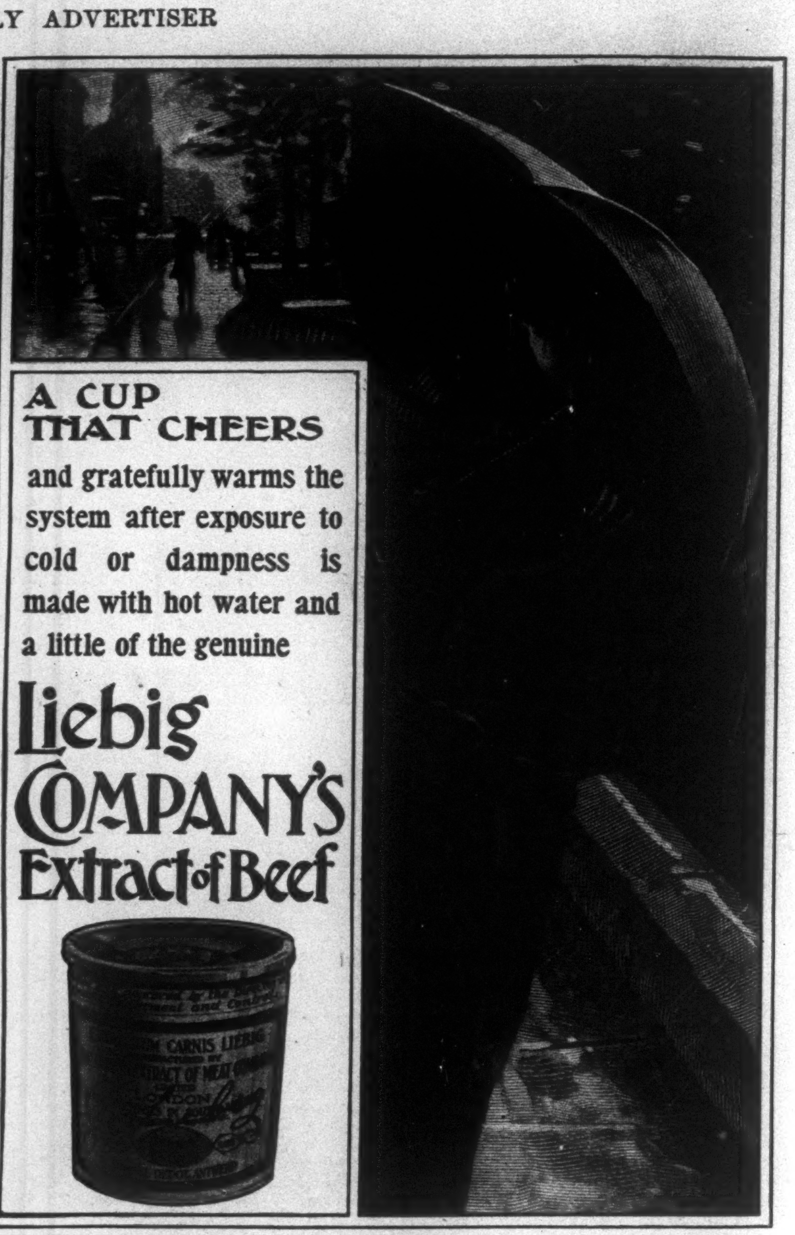

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

GOLF NOTES.

The amount of newspaper space that the golf-reporter succeeds in monopolizing nowadays is significant in that it indicates a steadily growing popular interest in the game. There was never anything like it in the days of archery or croquet; and tennis, even at the height of its popularity, received but a grudging recognition at the hands of the sporting editors. The annual event at Newport used to be honored with a triple head, largely through its prominence as a social function, but the minor club meetings were dismissed with a stickful of small type, if they were noticed at all. And yet tennis in its day was quite as much of a social fad as golf is now, and its development was much more rapid and universal. It is true that golf has hitherto been kept almost entirely within the hands of the well-to-do; it is an expensive and consequently an exclusive form of amusement, but its social prominence is not enough to account for the leading position that it occupies upon the sporting page of almost every daily newspaper. It must be something in the game itself, and that something is unquestionably the chance of athletic distinction that it offers to the man in middle life. The ex-football player, the "back number" at tennis and baseball, tries his hand at golf, and is astonished and immeasurably delighted to find that here is a game, confessedly of the first rank, in which he may still make progress and even attain unto supremacy. It is a new lease of life to the man who loves sport for sport's sake, and though he may regret the wasted years of his youth, when he knew not golf, he may still look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the days that are to come. Herein is the true secret of the game's fascination for all who take it up in earnest, and its present social *cachet* is merely an incident in its history, and not the foundation upon which it rests.

In the three important events of the last two weeks the winners have all been drawn from the ranks of the oldsters. Tyng won his fifth open event for the season of 1897 by taking the Governor's cup at the Essex County Club tournament. Travis of Oakland was drawn against Tyng in the second round, and as it was the first time that the two had met in a match, there was an interested "gallery" to follow the players. Tyng played winning golf from the start, and won by five up and four to play. With the brilliant young Oakland golfer out of the way, the semi-finals and finals were easy for the Morris County champion. W. H. Sands continued the good work for the veterans by winning the tenth annual medal championship of the St. Andrews Club, his score being nine strokes lower than that of S. D. Bowers, who made the best showing of the younger players. And finally A. H. Fenn fairly ran away from Findlay Douglas in the final round for the Archbold cup at Knollwood. Douglas has not only the advantage in years, but in actual experience gained upon the famous Scottish links. He had beaten Fenn at Chicago rather easily, and as the latter's strength was supposed to lie in medal rather than in match play, the result was indeed unexpected. Fenn added to his laurels by turning in the excellent gross score of 166 in the final handicap (36 holes), and in one of the earlier match-play rounds he broke the record (held by himself) with a beautifully compiled 76. The veterans are evidently determined not to be retired to the back benches without a struggle. But where is H. P. Toler?

Fenn's easy win of the Willmount cup at the Westchester meeting, W. H. Sands's fine score of 81 in the preliminary medal round of the same tournament, and Converse's victory over M. R. Wright in the finals of the Ocean County Hunt and Country Club meeting at Lakewood, may be counted as additional evidence that the veterans are more than holding their own. It is really surprising that the younger generation of players have not been more in evidence this season, for at least half a dozen of them seemed to be coming on very rapidly at this time a year ago. L. P. Bayard, H. B. Hollins, Jr., W. Bayard Cutting, R. H. Dickson, Beverly Ward, Jr., John Reid, Jr., R. Terry, Jr., and the Smith boys were all classed as promising players, but with the exception of Reid, who did well at Chicago and Onwentsia, none of them has shown first-class form this season. Bayard of Princeton started off well by winning the inter-collegiate singles and the spring tournament at Baltusrol. He did not enter at Chicago, and has played but little throughout the summer. William Shippen, of Morris County, beat him in a team match, and a few days ago he was put out of the Princeton Club tournament, in the semi-finals, by a Freshman named Childs. Bayard plays a very pretty game, and it ought to be an effective one. W. R. Betts, John Reid, Jr., M. R. Wright, of Philadelphia, and A. M. Robbins and S. D. Bowers, of St. Andrews, are about the only ones of the younger contingent to make their mark this year.

Ignorance of the code is no more valid an excuse in golf than it is in law, and after the exhaustive report of the U. S. G. A. committee upon the rules, one would suppose that there could be no possible difference of opinion upon essential points of the game. And yet misunderstandings and disputes constantly occur through the mental inability of some men to comprehend plain English. Take, for example, Rule 35, regarding the removal of the flag stick when the player is approaching the hole. The original rule provides that either side is entitled to have the flag removed, and this option plainly refers to match play alone. The U. S. G. A. annotated the rule so that a player may be disqualified who putts at the hole when the flag is in it, and in doing so strikes the stick. But this disqualification only obtains in medal play, and then only when the ball strikes the flag. There is no penalty for the offence in match play, for in that kind of a game the opponents are supposed to look after their own interests, and either side may exercise the right of removal. In a medal competition it is necessary to protect the rights of the other contestants by a general rule. Now, curiously enough, some players, while recognizing the obligation in medal play of removing the flag, are yet inclined to consider themselves injured if their opponents in matches desires to exercise the option given him under the original rule. Since there is no penalty imposed for the offence in match play, they contend that they are entitled to whatever advantage there may be in having the flag stick left in the hole. Of course this ridiculous claim has never been put forward in open tournaments and by golfers who know their business, but it is advanced very frequently in private matches.

At the open tournament held by the Morris County Club all the contestants were provided with a printed copy of the local ground rules, one of which provided that a ball driven from any tee and striking a telegraph wire might be teed and played again without penalty. The rule was an entirely proper one, since hazards in the air are essentially unfair, and it did not seem possible that there could be any misunderstanding of its meaning and limitation. And yet in the preliminary medal round a player who had had the misfortune to strike the wire in driving from the fourteenth tee found his ball in the field short of the railway track. Instead of going back to the teeing-ground, he construed the rule to mean that he might tee his ball (without penalty) where it lay. He played, and again his ball was stopped by the wires. Again he teed up, and again the wires were in the way. Finally he got across, but when the matter was brought to the attention of the Green Committee he was very properly penalized two strokes for each time that he had teed up his ball outside of the teeing limits. The rule was plain enough; it was framed to prevent the tee shot from being unfairly treated, and only that.

An error of judgment is one thing, but what shall be said of the following, which occurred during the preliminary medal round of a big open tournament two or three weeks ago? Two of the contestants, who were playing as partners, deliberately used their hands for the final holing out of the ball, and this happened not once, but two or three times, and was noticed by several spectators. It is true that the balls were lying within a few inches of the cup when the offence was committed, but what is the game of golf? Mr. H. S. C. Everard, in his hand-book of the game, tells of a short putt that he saw missed in a medal competition, and that, too, by a player of the first rank. Mr. Everard had the curiosity to measure the distance, and it was a shade under six inches. In a match game the opponent may give up the hole whenever he pleases, but no rule of medal play is more imperative than that which directs that all putts must be holed out. Pushing a ball into the cup with the hand is not holing-out in the golfing sense.

W. G. van T. Sutphen.

FOOTBALL AT THE COLLEGES.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of football has been the development of certain positions at the various universities. A man of great capabilities comes to the front and practically makes a position for several years—that is, he plays it so well that he develops its hidden possibilities. The man who plays opposite him on the "scrub" side learns from him, and in time, when the master graduates, his understudy comes up and takes his place. The position becomes almost a possession of that university, and is handed down through successive players, until the new blood becomes too thin or the other universities gradually live up to the standard set. Princeton developed the position of tackle through Hector Cowan. When the strain became thin, Lea built it up again, and Church followed. Peters made the position of centre at Yale, Corbin followed him, and Stillman renewed it by sheer hard work. From the days of Bowser down to Wharton and Woodruff, Pennsylvania's imprint is left upon the position of guard. Newell at Harvard led the position of tackle up wonderfully, and was nobly followed by Waters. Wrenn brought up the position of quarter at Cambridge, and Butterworth that of full-back at Yale. Team-play has more or less replaced individual superiority, but we shall have some good men out of this year's lot yet.

Cornell has this year relied upon home talent for developing her team, and it should give the athletic committee great satisfaction to be able to point to such good results. Cornell has not, in the past, carried her football up to the pitch that it deserved. Her record in boating, and her position there, should be supplemented by a similar high standard in other sports. Then, too, it is especially refreshing to see a team take up a policy of defensive play—a policy founded upon a careful study of what the emergencies are that it has to meet—and by sticking to that policy, and training the men to that one end, reach such a point of success as to do more stopping of a strong offence like Princeton's than has any other team this year, or, one might almost say, last year.

The sport of football can be congratulated upon the accession of such an official as Mr. Wrenn, who acts for the mere love of the sport, and whose handling of a game is masterly. He shows conclusively that the game can be played sharply, smoothly, and with a certainty of fair results.

It was in the nature of a fitting climax to the victorious and phenomenal record of Pennsylvania against the teams of the second class that she should annihilate Brown, the eleven which played Yale to a virtual tie. Pennsylvania had some of the luck of it, and Brown made some very foolish blunders, but for all that the kind of football exhibited by the team from Philadelphia was a revelation to many, and, had it been played upon a field nearer New York, would have opened the eyes of the many as to what a power for battering out scores the modern game can be made. But in taking up the consideration of what will be the result of next Saturday's contest between Pennsylvania and Harvard, there is much more than this entering into the equation. Had it not been for the fact that Pennsylvania has so markedly fallen off in life and dash, upon which her game so essentially depends, it would seem as though there was no question as to her eventual triumph over Harvard. But the radically tame work in the Indian game—the lack of former speed—leads one to become sceptical regarding that most important point, the physical condition of the team. Has it, as predicted by many, gone stale through a too long period of training? Pennsylvania would have easily beaten the best football Brown has shown in any of her matches, but it was a good thing for Brown football to see the style of play upon which she is just entering carried out to its perfection and legitimate success, and the beating was taken with pluck. If both Fultz and Gammons are in good shape, Brown will still show good football. Pennsylvania should also, if in the same condition as in the Brown game, have smothered the Indians. To tell the truth, the Pennsylvania team has had plenty of work, and its keen edge will turn if it be not eased up a bit. It has shown it two or three times lately; but it is a problem for the coaches.

But in this swamping the Indians they failed, and in such a pronounced manner that the confidence of their adherents was considerably shaken, and many who were wavering upon the very question of whether Pennsylvania or Princeton were kings of the gridiron rushed precipitately over to Princeton. This has its effect upon not alone the partisans, but the team itself, and will tend to reduce the confidence of the team in its own ability. Hence I cannot help feeling that the coming game will be a better one than was earlier in the season anticipated, and more like the struggles of the last two years. Harvard's game is a more varied one than Pennsylvania's. It has in it the possibility of longer runs, but not of such constant short gains. Pennsylvania has made and will make more of strategic kicking and the placing of punts. The effect of the Yale game upon the Harvard players will be twofold. It will help them greatly in experience, but it will have taken considerable nervous energy out of them. To sum up this situation, it looks like Pennsylvania's game, but by a smaller score than any one would have named two weeks ago.

In speaking of the policy adopted this year at Cambridge, of selecting the team at the outset of the season, the question was raised as to whether, even with all the care that was to be bestowed upon the physical condition of the men, a team could be carried anything like intact through the year. It is hard to say in September what men will make the best players in November, and it is impossible, with all the care in the world, to provide against accidents on the football-field. There is this much to be added, however, that many of the Harvard hospital list will round to before the end of the week, and then it will be a question of playing ability between the new and the old.

There never was a more heroic struggle to accomplish in the short space of two months the education of a football team than that at New Haven this fall. There was that spirit of facing the situation that leads men to do great things, and there cannot be too much of it instilled into every man's mind and heart. In spite of probable defeat, it is a gain to the game that the effort has been so sincere and so plucky. When one sees the way in which the Yale team goes into the line, one is filled with admiration of its spirit. The first score in the Chicago game, each succeeding score in the Brown game, the latter part of its work in the Harvard game, were instances of this grim determination, not to be denied, which characterizes the Yale team. But how can it, when it comes to the 20th, be equipped in all the various points of the game like its veteran rival? Here is a team that took the first honors last year, that has never so far this season allowed any team to reach its goal-line or make any score upon it, whose men have had the unquestioned advantage of seeing their rivals in a game where every possible effort has been made, every play exhibited, and every weakness disclosed only a few days before their own contest to be beaten. And when one looks over the various departments of play and positions, it is impossible not to be impressed with the equipment of Princeton. In punting, Wheeler is the equal in distance of McBride, and, in addition, his kicks are more nearly of an average length, while he is far more accurate in his direction. Baird is a drop-kicker whose match one must needs go to the Indians to find. Surely there is no man on the Yale team who, on public form, or indeed in private performance, can hope to approach him. As for the running game, that was Princeton's strongest card last year, and judging from the way in which, ten days ago, she ripped up, overthrew, and overwhelmed the strong Lafayette team, that part of her play is beyond last year's standard. In ends—that most dangerous point in the modern game—she has her captain and stand-by at one point, while at the other is a man comparatively untried in a big match, but who has kept close to his captain in execution during the last two weeks. At tackles she carries one veteran who proved himself competent to stop Yale last year, and the other is a man who has been a guard on a first-class Harvard team, had a year's practice and experience on top of that in the Princeton school, and who, some even go so far as to say, is the equal of Church. But in the middle of the line, if anywhere in that aggregation, there is a chance for Yale. The centre trio have not given the coaches entire satisfaction. The loss of Armstrong has been greatly felt, and so has that of the reliable Gailey. Princeton's aggressive plays at the guards have not worked as well as they should, and on the defence there have been holes made between centre and guards. It is the weakest part of a wonderfully strong team, but with the rest of her advantages Princeton can afford to have some weakness. In her set

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—By W. H. Lewis.—Illustrated.—16mo, Paper, 75 Cents.—Harper & Brothers.

of plunging half-backs, regulars and substitutes, Princeton has the most telling engine of scoring of any team on the gridiron to-day. They run with the dash shown by the Yale halves in the Chicago game, but have better physique to back them. There are no men in the Yale squad to equal them in ruggedness.

This, then, is the whole situation—a team of veterans against a team of novices. But the novices are as certain, and as much to be relied upon, so far as their metal goes, as the veterans. The veterans are better built for the peculiar style of play that seems, under the present rules, to be so effective. But the veterans have not built up the middle of their line so that it may help out the tackles, and it is probable that the youngsters will take such advantage as they can of this. But in the long pounding work of two thirty-five-minute halves, after the hard strain of the Harvard game only a week ago, it looks reasonable to believe that the Yale team must be gradually worn down and defeated. Should it succeed in doing anything else, it will have accomplished more than any green team ever did before.

It was Springfield come again. Many of us had fancied that those grand old days when all Harvard and all Yale, past, present, and to come, assembled in one intense crowd, divided only into two parts by the striped gridiron, would never come again. But they have—only the crimson crowd were as the sands of the sea, while the blues were a small but devoted band, drawn the closer together by the feeling that they were in the minority.

There was a howling wind coming down the field, and when Yale won the toss it meant much to her hopes. But the first half ebbed away minute by minute, and still Harvard held the ball out of the danger zone. At last, from the centre of the field, Yale started her running game. It was evident in a moment, from the way her men went at it, that the time had been selected to go for the goal-line if they could reach it. Plunge after plunge they went along, two to three yards only at a time, but still netting the necessary five with regularity, until they had passed Harvard's fifteen-yard line, where a missed signal stopped them and let Harvard out of danger. Never again was the Harvard goal menaced, and the crimson players had fought out in safety what was considered by every one as their bad half. Behind the cheers of the Yale crowd one could detect something of a shiver as the wearers of the blue thought of their team facing that wind, and in the stern faces of the Yale coaches and players as they trooped into their tent for the brief intermission one could see that they too realized that the hardest part of it was yet to come.

The strain came, and came very quickly, for within a few minutes after the opening of the second half Harvard was pounding down the field, and almost before the Yale men realized it the ball was inside their ten-yard line. Then they literally tore the Harvard line open, and forced the runners back so that at the third down Harvard had ten yards to gain. She failed, and Yale put the ball out of danger. The Harvard coaches seem to be agreed in their belief that the proper plays were not used by the Harvard team at this juncture. That is a matter of speculation, certainly, and they are easily the best judges of what each particular play might have been worth. This was Harvard's only chance, and in a moment it was gone. In the interchange of kicks that followed, Yale so gained that in three transfers of the ball twenty-five yards had been netted, and McBride was punting from Yale's thirty-five-yard line instead of under the goal. From that time on there was never a moment when either side looked like scoring. Harvard, toward the latter part of the play, exhibited some signs of exhaustion, and was manifestly going off in the quality of her play. After her failure to score she seemed to lack the earlier dash that characterized her end runs especially, and the slowness of the interference permitted Yale to easily prevent gains.

The most marked feature of Yale's play was the cleverness of the entire team in quickly adapting themselves to the play of their opponents. At first the Harvard plays came off with considerable success, but with each succeeding moment of play Yale seemed to be acquiring experience and making the most of it. It was an excellent illustration of football sense, for the Yale team grew better and better in meeting Harvard's plays, and was fully twenty-five per cent. stronger in defence the second half from this very quality.

The style of play of the two teams exhibited a marked contrast. While in the early part of the second half Harvard played fast football, that period of perhaps ten minutes was the only time when the Cambridge men appeared anxious to have the ball move. It may have been due to the ill luck of frequently occurring injuries, but the effect upon the mind of the spectator was such as to make him at once conclude that Yale was the eager, energetic team, and Harvard the slow one. With two exceptions, whenever time was taken out it was for a Harvard player, and the result of almost every scrimmage at one time in the game was a pause while a Harvard man was being attended to by the assistants. Yale played the entire game through with the same eleven, no change being made, and every man seemed fit to play longer. Harvard replaced five men during the game, thus using sixteen players. Toward the end of the game Harvard apparently grew even slower both in executing her own plays and in handling McBride's punts. The Yale ends had little trouble in securing the distance McBride's punts gained, while De Saulles ran back several of Haughton's with marked advantage.

The game was one to do much for the cause of football in that it was so entirely free from objectionable features, under the excellent ruling and guidance of Mr. Dashiell and Mr. McClung. The former stated, after the play was over, that he never officiated in an important game where so much was at stake that was so absolutely free from all sorts of fouls. The first game after the long separation of the two rivals—Harvard and Yale—was one to be especially watched and subject to the most extreme scrutiny, not only by the opponents of the sport, but also by those interested in its welfare, and the exhibition reflected nothing but credit upon players and coaches.

The other Saturday games must go over for fuller comment until next week. Brown, with Fultz and Gammons, wrested a hard-fought victory from the Indians, while Pennsylvania ran up but twenty-two points against Wesleyan. Cornell and Dartmouth took their matches without difficulty.

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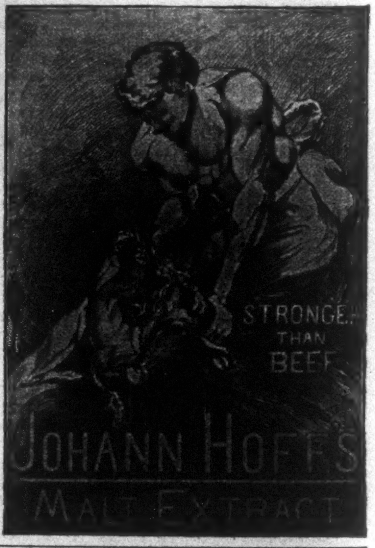

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EVOLUTION IN SMOKING METHODS.

The study of evolution has caused particular attention to be paid to the steps by which man has advanced from the stage when he was a naked savage, living in rocky caves, to that degree of progress which is embodied in the cosmopolitan dweller along the boulevards of Paris or the other equivalent avenues in any great civilized capital of the world. Every step upward has appeared, at first, as the daring innovation of an individual adopted by imitators who appreciated the advantages following its use. The adage that history repeats itself may be quoted in regard to the appearance of each novelty. In every case, the improvement has had to meet an organization of spontaneous opposition springing from some disposition in the human mind, and probably implanted to keep a love of novelty from leading to wild and erratic extravagance. Of course, history does not go back far enough to inform us as to the reception accorded to such devices as chairs and tables, when it was proposed to substitute these for the primitive rocks found by the cave-dweller quite good enough to support him and his bill of fare. In regard to more recent inventions, however, history fully informs us as to how they were received. We have, for instance, a record of the period which looked upon forks as being a finical and fussy method for raising food from the dish to the mouth. In regard to umbrellas, also, we know that Mr. Jonas Hanway, who first walked the streets of London under a spread umbrella, had to endure the scoffs and jeers of a populace that looked upon him as a dainty and fussy man, afraid of being melted by the harmless shower of rain. Neither is it very long ago when to ride in carriages was the privilege accorded only to royalty or to the finest of fine ladies. From such instances as these we may readily understand the feeling towards the introducer of those very luxurious inventions, carpets, when all the world was quite well satisfied if the mess of rushes underfoot was occasionally covered with a new layer, or removed at rarest intervals.

It is not strange, then, that in the progress from the ancient days when tobacco leaves were thrown upon a smouldering fire, and the smoke caught under a blanket that enveloped the smoker's head, the lover of tobacco smoke has been an object of continual criticism. Next to the smouldering-fire-and-blanket method came that by which a nose-tube—a long, hollow cane—was used for snuffing up the tobacco fumes. This was followed by the clever invention of the tobacco-pipe, in the bowl of which the dry leaf could be burned without the necessity of a bonfire. The next step in the evolution of neat smoking saw the abandonment of the pipe and its replacement by a leaf of the tobacco plant, forming the cigar.

There can be no question that every improvement along the smoker's path of progress was successively regarded as an affected and effeminate addition to the "good old methods" known to the smokers' fathers. It happens, only, that we did not live in those days. Consequently, the universal spirit of opposition to change and improvement takes, in our own day, the form of antagonism to the substitution of a paper wrapper for the accustomed tobacco leaf. No doubt the kindly old gentleman who is inclined to resent his son's preference for "little paper cigars" would be surprised to be included in the same category with the ragged gamins who found pleasure in jeering at the very sensible proceeding of Jonas Hanway when he proved that there was comfort and convenience in carrying an umbrella to avoid a wetting. But there is little doubt that, in each case, the criticism has sprung from the same motive, a distrust of novelty and the blindness created by habit. The cigar-smoker has learned to like a particular kind of smoking. He prefers to wait until he has sufficient leisure to enjoy a "good long smoke," as he expresses it. This he may find after his midday lunch, or the cigar may seem to him a necessary wind-up to his leisurely course dinner. It is hard for him to understand that smoking may have to his son, or perhaps to his neighbor, an entirely different meaning. If he has read the history of the use of tobacco understandingly, he must have discovered a constant progress in the direction of a diminution in the amount of tobacco used, in the time given to it, and in the effect produced. This will be readily seen by a comparison of the two extremes of the chain. To the savage, a satisfactory smoke once meant partial stupefaction produced by copious inhalations of stifling smoke rising from the damp leaf pressed down and smouldering upon hot coals. Come now to the latest method of smoking and we shall find something of a contrast: we shall see a man coming from the opera, taking a few whiffs of light tobacco rolled into a tiny cigarette, and throwing it away when but one-third consumed. Yet, in both cases the smoker has been satisfied. The result for which he desired to smoke has been accomplished.

It is not necessary to compare this later, most æsthetic method of enjoying tobacco with that of the savage in order to be convinced that evolution has brought about what may be called a *spiritualizing* of smoking. Something of the same advance, though in lesser degree, must be admitted in the change from the short, blackened "cutty" of the laborer to the light, quickly consumed, neat, and delicate cigarette. In fact, even in the cigarette itself there has been a continual advance in the same direction of increasing delicacy and refinement. New methods of manufacture have steadily made of the paper a more evanescent film, and of its filling a more exquisite blending of flavor. Undoubtedly in each case there are many smokers who rest satisfied with a less advanced stage of progress. Having cultivated the taste for a particular sort of gratification, they remain where they have brought themselves.

To argue that there are many advantages in cigarettes over pipes and cigars is not to issue a mandate that all smokers should at once forswear their briarwoods and perfectos. The unenlightened cigarette-smoker pleads only for tolerance. Because the form of smoking which he prefers is of more recent date than those preferred by others is no reason that it should be sneered at and contemned. And since he makes this plea for freedom of choice, he is equally bound to allow others free exercise of their own tastes.

But to the man or woman of the old school who cannot see a cigarette produced without an immediate desire to put its owner into the stocks for public opprobrium, is recommended the thoughtful consideration of the early writer who sneeringly commented upon the hyperdelicacy of all who first used a "bifurcated dagger" at the table. No doubt this critic would have scoffed at the prophet who might have foretold the general use of forks, and the too zealous critic of cigarettes may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.

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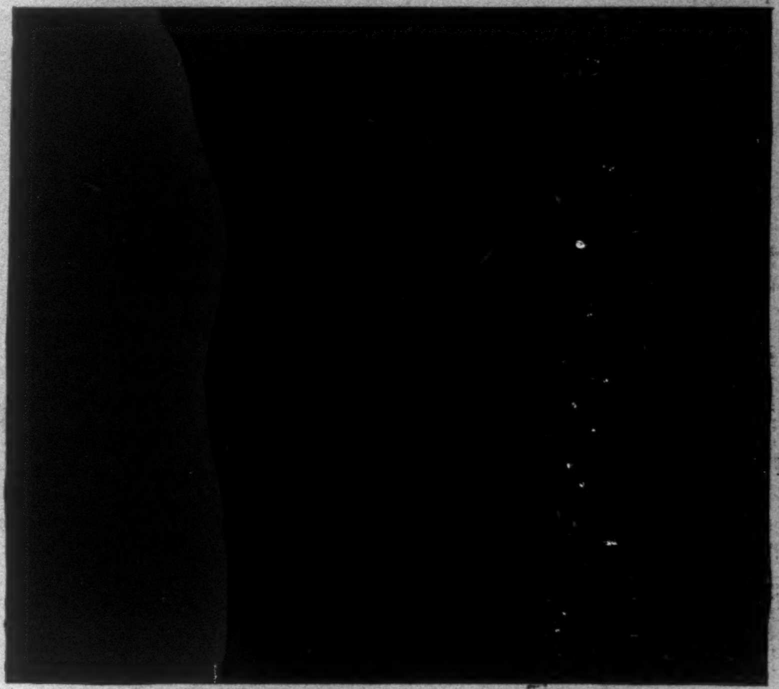

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